

THE OLD WORLD
THROUGH
NEW WORLD EYES





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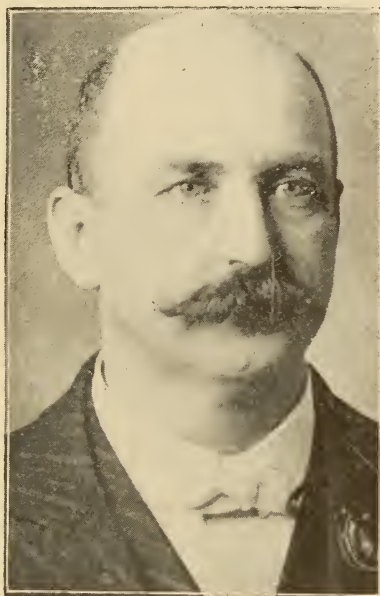
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James Loring



JAMES M. LORING.



ANNA P. CLEAVELAND LORING.



**HAYDEN YOUNG LORING--1868-1914,
Son of the Author,
Who furnished the Funds for the Tour.**

THE OLD WORLD THROUGH NEW WORLD EYES

The Development of the Orient and Central
Europe and Great Britain

Traced on Chronological and Geographical Lines

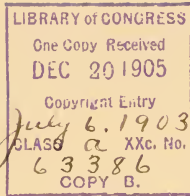
BY JAMES M. LORING



CLAYTON STA., ST. LOUIS:
R. B. Crossman, Publisher and Printer.

1904

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To
ANNA P. LORING, my wife,
and to
ETHEL W. LORING, my daughter,
This volume is affectionately inscribed.

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PREFACE

To learn the Mississippi thoroughly, take it at its source in Itaska Lake, float down its stream examining its shores and all the confluent that make up the volume of the current that finally empties into the gulf at the Balize: So, to understand the current of history, commence at Egypt by the Nile, where was the earliest civilization, travel through Syria and Turkey, thence to Greece and to Italy; so down through the states of Europe to Great Britain, where it widens into a mighty and final development: this is to study the course of civilization from the shores of the Mediterranean in the Orient, where our earliest development took place, coming down topographically and chronologically to the most modern states. This is to travel with a plan, and enables the reading and studious traveler to observe systematically and philosophically, so as to derive the highest good from the pleasures and labors of seeing the Occident and Europe. This was the course of the author, who now submits the results to your kind and tolerant attention.

JAMES M. LORING,
4219 W. Belle Place, St. Louis, Mo.

July 26, 1902.

THE OLD WORLD THROUGH NEW WORLD EYES

A PILGRIMAGE

(Written in Mid-Ocean, February 12)

February 8, 1902, we, a party of pilgrims, left pier No. 24, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the good steamship *Aller*, Captain Wilhelmi, register 8,000 horsepower, displacement 5,217 tons, bound for Egypt and the Holy Land. Every good Christian is in his heart a crusader and wishes, some time in his life, to see the Holy Sepulchre. The pilgrimage made by the Emperor William at the time evoked unqualified admiration for one whose other acts have sometimes been erratic. Columbus, himself, had two motives in view: To open the way to the East by sailing directly to the west; first, that Spain might gain great riches, and, second, that through them she might recover the Sepulchre. He was an enthusiastic sailor, soldier and fighter in the great war against the Moors, which put a stop to the military power of the Saracen in his hitherto triumphant march westward. I think the day will yet come when the Christian nations of the world will acquire by diplomacy and peaceful means what Peter the Hermit, Philip the Second, Richard the First, Godfrey of Bouillon, and other warlike crusaders failed to accomplish by war and force; that they will in "Christian Alliance" have joint political control and sovereignty over so much of Palestine as to give all Christian pilgrims the right of ingress and egress, under Christian government, to the final resting place of our Saviour—to all true men the most sacred spot on earth. Although the crusades at the time failed in their main object, incidentally and providentially, they resulted in the first great advancement of Europe toward civilization, in the thorough min-

gling of hitherto widely separated and inimical nations and peoples.

We of the Far West can only reach the Far East by crossing a great ocean.

What are my impressions of this great expanse of waters, necessarily crossed, between New York and Gibraltar?

We remained for the most part upon the promenade deck, either walking or sitting in the rented chairs, and had a fine chance through the sixteen days of the voyage to observe the restless and ever-changing sea. So many-sided and complex is this element that a single epithet fails to fully characterize it. To Homer, the first epic poet, the multitude of the waves and their perpetual sound appeared prominent—"the multitudinous laughter of the waves". The Latin poets of the Augustan age had no sense of the picturesque; their art was epic, social and satiric. George Sand, in "Consuelo", addressed to the Mediterranean Sea an impassioned apostrophe, copied and imitated by Byron in "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!" Shakespeare refers to the base of the chalk cliffs at Dover as "swilled" by the wild and wasteful ocean. He refers to "the clouds in the bosom of the great ocean buried". Gray, in *The Elegy*, written in a country churchyard, speaks of the "ocean's unfathomed depths". (See *Contra the U. S. coast and marine surveys*.) He refers to "full many a gem of purest ray serene" lying at the bottom of the great ocean "unseen". William Cullen Bryant speaks of the "gray old ocean poured 'around all'." Dr. Kane, in his *Arctic Expedition*, saw "the sea reflected in the sky, the sky in the sea". Celia Thaxter, the daughter of a light-house keeper, in the "Isles of Shoals", observed the sea as from a ship, and has so vividly described it in its protean forms and appearances as to make her transcript dear to all lovers of nature in its wild moods. In "Landlocked", written during a short absence, she depicts in vivid language her intense longing for the charms of the sea. Frank T. Bullen, able seaman, in "Idylls of the Sea", gives us his fresh and uncopied views of the ocean in all latitudes and longitudes.

I view it as complex. In the two great hemispheres and the four great seas, its surface reaches into every port and inlet.



DESCENT FROM PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

It was in the beginning, and is now, the great highway of the nations and of civilization. The salt of the sea is for the saving of the nations. All rivers and refuse empty into it; all wrecks and carcasses sink into its depth, without putrefaction or corruption. Iodine is in its iridescent waters, which is for healing; a trace even of gold collects on the copper bottom of ships during a long voyage; the oleaginous carcasses of trillions of infusoria and marine animals are annually overlaid by calcareous deposits to become, on subsequent upheavals of the beds of the ocean in the course of geological ages, vast reservoirs of petroleum for the illumination and warmth of mankind. Not without providential cause are three-quarters of the earth covered with deep salt waters. It is ever old, ever new and fresh. A handful of its waters dipped up is colorless; yet, under varying lights, its colors are as changeable as the hues of the dolphin. The hues of the sea and the tints of its overarching sky, in color though varied, in beauty may vie. The old ocean is in the right place, and all right in every way.

The earth is so immensely old that in my opinion every drop of the ocean has been through the eternal round of moisture, cloud, precipitation and rainfall, and has been poured over the brink of Niagara as out of the palm of the Almighty's Hand, many times.

THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

In the beginning "the earth was without form, and void." It then occupied the orbit of Neptune, the outermost planet in the solar system. Gradually, through æons of milleniums, it wound its spiral course nearer to the center, until now it is third place from the sun. Shakespeare said, "this earth is very old". The upper strata, geologically, are the Eocene, Miocene and Pliocene. The present alluvial deposits took place in the Miocene. In the latter part of the Miocene verdure commenced to cover the waste places; moisture condensed against the upheaved mountains, and rivers commenced to flow. This grass, so luscious and green, so agreeable to the eye, is the "forgiveness" of nature. It was the first food of animals and mankind. The valley of the Nile throughout ages has been perennial with the richest

verdure and developed the finest grain for the sustenance of the dense population that has always inhabited this favored shore. There is but one Nile. It is the second longest river on the face of the earth, the Mississippi being first—the Mississippi 4,066 miles, and the Nile 4,012. Both flow parallel with the meridians of longitude; both are in the northern hemisphere; one in the old, the other in the new world; both are in the centers of rich agricultural valleys. Commerce is the interchange of the productions of one climate for those of another; both rivers are highways of commerce. Commerce makes civilization. The Nile valley is the seat of the oldest civilization in recorded history. The Nile and the lakes that feed it, the Albert Nyanza and the Victoria Nyanza, are the gift of the heavy rains of the Equatorial Mountains. Speke, Grant and Baker, the earliest English-African explorers, ascertained this fact. They verified what Herodotus only surmised. These lakes fill the Nile;—the White Nile, the Nubian branch of the Nile, makes it overflow. Thus, the lakes and Nile are the gift of the Equatorial Mountains and their winter rains. No mountains as moisture condensers, no lakes, and no Nile: no Nile, no Egypt. Egypt is a long narrow oasis reclaimed from the great desert of Sahara by the Nile, ten miles wide and three thousand miles long. The Equatorial Mountains, the detritus, the falling moisture, are nature's laboratories. The phosphates, carbonates, nitrates and all salts, bases and acids are here cunningly extracted and combined, then taken up by the overflowing freshets, carried down to the valley below, overflow on the long-extended banks of the sacred river, spread out evenly and equally, and are so rich that, acted upon by the heat of the sun, in a climate that is equal to the best hot house in the temperate zones, three crops of cotton, sugar and grain can be produced annually. There is only one Nile, one Nile valley, and in the geography and zones of this earth can only be one. Of the two strong instincts in man, one—the body hunger, to keep the individual alive—has always here been lavishly supplied; of course, the mass of individuals in each generation being well nourished, the continuation and perpetuation of the race follows. This constitutes the second strong instinct. There has always been a heavy population in this unique valley,

and, consequently, much history. Let memory and imagination act as a biographer and unroll the scroll of chronicles: First the prehistoric period, briefly adverted to, and then the Ancient Empire, with at least sixteen dynasties or changes of ruling families, with many powerful rulers and pyramid builders—all this from 4,000 years B. C. to 1,500 years B. C.; then the New Empire, with four dynasties, to 950 B. C.; then the period of foreign domination, lasting 287 years; then the late Egyptian period, lasting 331 years, with the Persian domination; then the Græco-Roman period, commencing with Alexander the Great, to 640 A. D., embracing all the Ptolemies; the Roman period, with all the Roman emperors, and the Byzantines down to the Middle Ages, when the Mohammedan period—A. D. 640—commenced, continuing under various dynasties, including the Mamelukes, till modern history began under the Turkish domination after 1517 A. D., to the French occupation under Napoleon Bonaparte in 1798. Finally, at the instance of the French Consul, Mohammed Ali was appointed Pasha. Under nominal Ottoman and Khedival rule, first the French, then the British, from 1798 to the present hour, have had potent influence in shaping the political, internal, agricultural and commercial affairs of this old empire of the Ptolemies and Pharaohs. Commencing with the stern old Mehemet Ali, with his intense aversion to the digging of the Suez Canal, we have in regular succession Ibrahim, Abbas, Said, Ismail, the magnificent spendthrift, Tewfik, his son, and the seventh and present Abbas Hilmi, all with the surname of Pasha and the official title of Khedive, viceroy, all under the sovereignty of the Turkish Empire; and since the rebellion of Arabi, the bombardment of Alexandria, the occupation by a British Army of six thousand men, under the real control, management and administration of Lord Cromer, resident British Consul. Ferdinand Lesseps promoted the Suez Canal, inveigled Ismail, the ambitious and the reckless, into pledging his own credit and the credit of Egypt, hitherto free of debt, for an indebtedness of nearly four hundred millions of franks incurred in digging the ditch; defaulted on the interest and afterward on the principal. Great Britain then came to the rescue of its private citizens, large holders of these bonds; made war on the rebel Egyptians

led by Arabi,—patriot leader and a common fellah, who endeavored, under the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians," to expel all foreigners from the land—bombarded and laid waste old Alexandria; dispersed the rebels; imprisoned Arabi in Ceylon, where he died; took possession of the port and the revenues; became the curator, guardian, protector and tutor of the reigning Khedive, and really the "receiver" of the Egyptian Empire—whose affairs they have, with the assistance of six thousand red coats always under arms, ever since managed—not only for the benefit of their own British bondholders, but for the French, German, Russian and Italian creditors. The English thus have a "perpetual" mortgage on the land. The condition of the land, its arable area cultivated by the fellaheen, the sanitation of the dwellings and streets, the administration of law, have all been carefully promoted by the British officials. During their occupation peace, justice, order and civilization increased. The British occupation under the able, just and fearless leadership of Consul Cromer has been a blessing in undisguise. Clive redeemed India; Rhodes South Africa, and the native Arabi's rebellion has indirectly benefitted Egypt. Lesseps died virtually a prisoner in disgrace and insane. But civilization has been advanced through him. Thus the world moves. As Emerson says, "Many efforts and many failures, and every now and then a result slipped magically in."

CHEOPS

CAIRO, Egypt, February 27.

From the Grand Continental Hotel in Cairo, a drive of ten miles over a magnificent turnpike road, built by Ismail Pasha, the Reckless, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales, brought a party of nine pilgrims from America, in three carriages through avenues of acacia shade trees, past batteries of English red-coated artillery soldiers, long processions of stalking camels, trotting donkeys, barefooted, long-striding, fly-capped Arabs, to Ghizeh, an ancient abode village of fellaheen at the western edge of Sakkarrah. We were accompanied by a conductor, Elias, a noted dragoman, a "turbanned Turk" in countenance, and three smart fly-capped whips.

An inspection of the pyramids on the spot to a thoughtful man reveals more of their character than pictures or volumes of description. They lie west of the Nile, fully ten miles; are seated on a stratified limestone plateau fully thirty feet above the green valley of irrigation. They are in the sandy region. Cario is one hundred and thirty miles from Alexandria; is at a point where the numerous branches of the Nile spread out to form the immense and fertile desert. Coming from Jerusalem, in a line southwesterly, one crosses the ancient isthmus of Suez, at Ismailia, and reaches Cairo on as short a line as to Alexandria by the sea. Geological ages ago this point was destined to be the seat and center of mighty populations. To this place Joseph and Mary fled when escaping from the murderous Herod. The very cave still exists, under the Coptic Christian Church, in which the divine family rested concealed after their flight. This day I descended into it, touching with reverent hands the spot on which the infant Saviour rested. Not far is a branch of the Nile in which grew the copse of reeds where the child Moses was concealed from the wrath of that Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. Near this spot dwelt the ancient kings of Egypt as dynasty succeeded dynasty. In this favored valley the children of the soil, the ancient Egyptian people, flourished in vast numbers, they and their flocks nurtured by the generous vegetation and cereals, the fruit of the slime of the overflowing river of new mud, Nea-ilus. Then hereditary kings possessed power more imperial, absolute and despotic than any of the Cæsars in their best days. They owned the millions of helots body and soul. The physiognomy of Ramesis II, the Pharaoh of the Bible, reveals thoroughly his character. His mummy lies in a wooden case, No. 118, of the Ghizeh Museum near the pyramids. I saw it to-day. A medium sized head, retreating forehead, prominent aquiline nose, high cheek bones, long, wide and strong upper lip, firm set mouth and chin, even after three thousand years of the rigidness of death show him to have been every inch a king, proud, haughty, overbearing and despotic, resembling in the contour of his cranium and poise of his body, Louis XIV and the Bourbon line of kings, who were also great architects. If they had no belief or conception of the immortality of the human soul,

they certainly made strenuous efforts to make their own royal bodies immortal by the process of embalming, an art in which they reached the highest perfection, swathed in multitudinous folds of fine linen, and then concealed in the deep crypts of tombs beneath the arid sands, and above the reach of corrupting moisture and decay. This is the reason for the existence of these lasting monuments, the nine pyramids of Ghizeh and of Sakkarrah, the ever-mysterious Sphinx and the numerous sarchophagi that surround them. The Sphinx is a recumbent lion with a human head—Egyptian—and stone hood or keffie, cut out of the natural stone there embedded. Surrounding this animal-human figure are galleries of colossal red granite, with rooms for such worship as they professed and places of cool, peaceful, eternal—they fondly believed—sepulchre. The pyramid commencing with a single flat stone, grew by accretions and layers of enormous blocks brought from a quarry miles distant on a causeway, parts of which remain. The seat of the Sphinx is twenty feet below the base of the great pyramid. This structure is not a tomb, but is monumental, historic, scientific and an ocular demonstration of the absolute power of the kings and the overflowing strength of a surplus population.

On February 25 I ascended by four hundred and fifty steps, hip high, this most mighty monument, named "Cheops", erected by the puny hand of weak man. Cæsar said, "Veni, vidi, vici"; I add, "ascendi".

SAKKARRAH

CAIRO, Egypt, February 28.

This morning we got an early start from the Continental Hotel, and three carriages soon took nine of us across the fine iron truss American-built bridge, with its four squatting heroic-size lions guarding both entrances, to the landing place of a steam launch moored on the east bank of the Nile. Entering this, we steamed ten miles up, amid scenes of great beauty and historic memories running back centuries into the dim past, the pyramids of Ghizeh on our distant right and old Cairo on our left, with the building containing the official Nileometer, and the bank where the beautiful

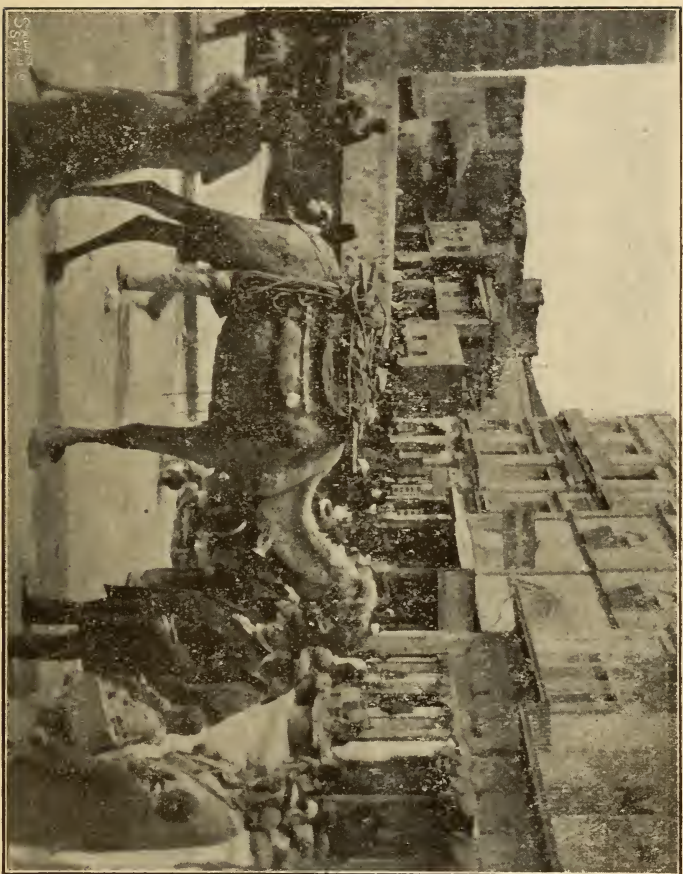
legend of the finding of the infant Moses took its rise. We met and overtook many two-sailed vessels, dahabahs, with wings spread out like those of the swallow, and after an elegant lunch on board, disembarked at the wharf of ancient Memphis. We found ten donkeys with boys waiting for us, our guide, Mr. Warren, of London, and our dragoman, Elias Telhamy, in native costume, baggy trousers and all, reminding me of Shakespeare's "malignant and turbanned Turk". Mounting, we trotted rapidly over railroad tracks and embankments until we came to two colossal prostrate marble images: one the statue of Ramesis II, discovered by the archæologist Caviglia and presented by Mahomet Ali to the British Museum. The leg at the calf measures nine feet. Another has been discovered near by. Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus refer to them as standing in front of the temple of Phtah. They were standing when the Jews were still in bondage in Egypt. Buried in the soil round about are probably many more, to be resurrected in the future. Gigantic date and banana palms, with outcropping walls cover the entire city of Men-Nefra (Memphis) or Pyramid city, the proud capital of lower Egypt,—denounced bitterly by Jeremiah, the Hebrew prophet: "Noppe shall be waste and a desert without one inhabitant." Joseph,—who had fled with the infant Jesus and lodged in a cave in the side of a hill, now subterranean under the foundation of the time-stained Coptic Church, itself half-buried by fourteen hundred inundations of old Nile, located in ancient and deserted Cairo,—might, and possibly did, come to Memphis and look upon those colossal statues of Egyptian kings. The Saracenic invasion in the seventh century obliterated all this pride and pomp of the old capital. Could they also have destroyed the tombs and pyramids of the Necropolis further on, doubtless they would have done so. This is in the edge of the desert five miles distant. We passed through, in going, a village of outcast, half-naked Arabs, and mangy, half-starved dogs. The "Steppe" pyramid, said to be the oldest, is called the Throne of Pharaoh. The pyramids of Sakkarra are eleven in number, the highest one hundred and ninety feet. The tomb of Tih and the tomb of Phatah Hotep have many chambers whose walls are decorated with pictures, some colored, cut in

marble, figuring domestic scenes in their daily life, the after-state of the soul, its passage to eternity and undeciphered mystic representations. The Serapetum is the catacombs containing twenty-four granite sarcophagi, each 13x8x12 feet, quarried in Assouan, brought down the Nile and placed in a series of underground vaults, for the last resting place of the Divine Bulls of Apis:—these to me were more astounding in the gigantic labor involved than the building of a pyramid. No other place in the world has such gigantic monuments. The funeral obsequies of each sacred white bull cost much treasure and doubtless many cheap human lives. Egypt has exceeded my expectations.

REMINISCENCES OF A PILGRIM

AT THE SHRINE OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN JERUSALEM

Commencing Wednesday, February 5, what stretches of fertile states, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York, I passed over in reaching our metropolis of the Western continent; what vast stretches of wild and wasteful winter ocean, with its endless succession of mountainous billows pounding against the vertical steel-riveted sides of our gallant "Aller" as with the iron sledgehammer of the fabled Thor, the Norse god, as, "rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay me down [but not] to sleep"; what floods of icy brine poured in through the porthole of my stateroom, left carelessly open; what seemingly endless miles of Atlantic and Mediterranean seas we rode over; what islands, the "Acores", fabled by Plato as the mythical Atlantides, Sardinia, Sicily, the gray, low-lying isles of Greece, Crete, Candia, Peloponnesus, Scio and Zante, beloved of Byron, "where burning Sapho loved and sung"; what impregnable fortresses and lovely cities—Gibraltar, Naples, Brindisi, Alexandria, Port Said, Beirût and Jaffa; what memorial pillars to mark the terminus of Via Appia at Brindisi,—to celebrate the glory of Pompey at Alexandria; what beacons and famous electric lights far-flashing at Trafalgar, Gibraltar, Spartivento, Naples, Brindisi and, at Alexandria, Pharos, the father of all lighthouses; what mountains of Spain, the famed Appenines of Italy, the Lebanon range of Pales-



SQUARE OF DAVID; PALACE OF HEROD; JAFFA GATE, JERUSALEM.

tine; what diverse and intermingled nationalities: English, Algerines, Italians, Venetians, Austrians, Germans, French, Egyptians, Arabs, Copts, Fellahs, Jebusites, Philistines, Jews and Gentiles; what costumes of many fashions, colors and qualities; what languages and questions: "*Parlate Italiano?*" "*Parles-vous Français?*" "*Sprechen sie Deutsche?*" What coins of shillings, guineas, marks, lira, piastres, and circular paper notes of the Bank of England; what sumptuous hotels with soft beds, lofty halls and noble facades: "Albergo International" at Brindisi, "Abbas" at Alexandria, "Oriental" at Beirût, "Mena House" at the pyramids, and the "Grand New Hotel" by the Jaffa Gate of Jerusalem. What menus and complicated cuisine of soups, pates, entrees, vegetables, roasts, sweets and dessert, with their Rougets Fritz, bœuf braisée, turee Epinards aux o'euifs, pigeons et salade yarde, veau en curry, riz à l'Indienne, entrecôte, grille au cresson, pommes sauties, and always ending with café a-la-Turc: what programmes of fine music to enliven the evening assemblies by composers: Trave, Strauss, Suppe, Mervillier, Gounod, Cervasis, Meyerbeer, Wibert; what companies of learned and polite voyageurs, so friendly and communicative to our tour,—six gentlemen, three ladies,—also our interpreter and guide, Mr. Harry Warren, of London; then Mrs. Best, with Miss Isabelle Elliott, her companion, a fragile English girl who looked as if she had stepped out of one of Tennyson's poems; what ardent lovers the ship's doctor and Francesco Onofrio made; what pyramids; what noble ships carried us: the "Aller" "Semiramis", "Rhamanieh" and the "T'Zarowitch", with its one thousand Greek Christians on their way to a pilgrimage in Jerusalem; what dangerous debarkation among the rocks of Andromeda at Jaffa, when the frail little boats, tossed on the rough waves, threatened disaster every minute; what a wonderful fifty-mile ride by rail through the "Valley of Sharon" and the historic mountains to Jerusalem; through Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still; and on to Jaffa Gate in the ancient Hebrew capital,—near which gate we are comfortably ensconced in the Grand New Hotel, from whose rock-covered battlements we can view valleys reaching north, south, east and west, all commanded by the ancient

fortress; also Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, the valley of the Jordan and the deep ravine in which lies the Dead Sea with its heavy and bitter waters, its destroyed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, consigned to an everlasting infamy, resounding through all the ages, for their phenomenal wickedness; from whose turreted embattlements, also, we can see the Mosque of Omar, with its enormous dome, to the northeast, and the Holy Sepulchre to the northwest,—into all of whose sacred shrines I have entered, and seen the stone whereon the Saviour's body was annointed, the tomb in which He lay, Calvary and the place of crucifixion, against which I saw many fervent, eager pilgrims rapturously pressing their lips—a pathetic sight—myself uttering a prayer for the present and eternal welfare of our own dear native land, the good people in the far-distant land of my nativity, and my own family and friends, with devout thanks to Heaven for permitting me to accomplish this prolonged journey.

THE ETERNAL CAMEL

A Soliloquy

The camel in his own person speaks:

I have two more teeth than mankind, seven callosities, one fat hump and five stomachs. One stomach is false and will hold unmasticated food, and in the cells surrounding it water to be pressed out and regurgitated. I am larger than the ass or horse; can carry as heavy burthens as the elephant, am not so unwieldy and more adapted to the wants of man. I have the adaptability of man to different climates and zones;—can live on the frozen plains of Siberia, in the arid wastes of Arabia, or under the vertical sun of the equator. My habitat extends from Tartary, through China, the desert of Gobi or Sham, Turkistan, Persia, Arabia; through Egypt, Tripoli and Algeria, even unto the far-famed towers of the Alhambra in Spain; in Tuscany, near the Leaning Tower of Pisa, are many of my tribe, and one of us can do the work of four horses. We have been domesticated even in the Canary islands and in Southern Texas in the United States, and are being trained to make

the overland trip to California. We like the coarse, bitter weeds and plants that grow along the margins of the desert, and eat with satisfaction and good digestion what the horse despises. My name is sometimes "Maherry", but, as a rule, our owners do not think enough of us to give us individual names. We have no desire for a house, and when left unattended stray aimlessly about and are at home "any old place", like the Bedouin. We can travel fifty miles in a day of ten hours, summer or winter. We are the forbidden animal of Leviticus, in that we chew the cud but divide not the hoof. But Leviticus was prejudiced. We were servants of Abraham and his children, and carried the war implements of Semiramis, Cyrus and Xerxes. As we wandered through the streets of Haifa, Tyre and Sidon, we slightly paused and looked enquiringly up and down each alley, being the original rubbernecks. We also have a rubber-like hoof. As we stalk on the mimic scene in the Passion Play at Oberammergau we vividly recall the Saviour of the world, who always looked upon us with pitying eye as we passed through Galilee and Jerusalem. We walk on our padded feet with noiseless step, glide, like a ship of the desert. We have carried the rich merchandise of Cipango and the Far East to the headwaters of the Caspian Sea and Black Sea, thence to be shipped to the wharf Schiavoni of Venice, and so distributed all over Europe. Indeed, when a boy, Marco Polo, the Venetian, mounted our back at Para. We safely carried him through the Caucasus and as far as to the walls of Pekin, returning with him forty years later to the shores of the Mediterranean, whence he voyaged to the Piazza St. Marco, was captured by the rival Genoese in a sea fight, imprisoned at Genoa, wrote his travels, and so stimulated Columbus to discover America—a good thing for Europe as well as America;—thus forming three links necessary in that chain: the transporting, patient camel, that carried Marco Polo, who saw and wrote; Columbus, who read and discovered. Our limit is one thousand pounds. We groan when the load is strapped upon us by our Arab masters, and groan when it is unstrapped and taken off, but why we do that is a mystery. We never kick and rarely bite, though sorely tempted. The unfeeling Jew shoemaker who spurned the

Saviour of the world as he bore, fainting, his cross along the cruel Via Dolorosa, has been justly compelled to wander ever since, from the frozen snows to the burning equator;— we are compelled to wander without any fault or crime on our part, and have always been the servant and benefactor of mankind, rewarded with no bed or shelter and only bitter weeds for food. We have been in all ages in Asia the great overland route, and know well every foot of the roads extending from the Yellow Sea through Thibet, across the table-lands where rise the Tigris and Euphrates, even as far as unto Para and Stamboul, down through Palestine into Egypt, by the Nile, through Memphis, under the shadow of the Pyramids, even up to Assouan, past the falls into the Soudan. Our flesh is as sweet as that of the ox, our milk as that of the cow; our hair is woven into kaftans, and when we die we expect our bones to be carved into knife handles and our hide to be tanned into leather. Our souls, if we have any, will finally be at rest, we hope. Selah-Salem.

Written, March 17, at Jerusalem.

THE SAVIOUR

“Ye shall know the truth and
the truth shall make you free.”

Commencing with Abraham, forty-two generations are mentioned by name by two of the Evangelists of the New Testament, Matthew and Luke, recording the ancestors of the Lord and Master, all princes of the line of Abraham and the house of David. This was a foundation for hereditary traits laid in the best blood of Judæa, who had, the first of men, evolved the highest and purest concept of a single God and religion. His father, Joseph, and mother, Mary, in their annual journey to Jerusalem, repaired to Bethlehem, hard by their ancestral home, and, crowded out of the inn, the babe, Jesus, was born in a stable and laid on a cloth on the hay in a manger. In eight days he was circumcised. On the 12th of March I visited this place and looked upon the sacred spot. Herod, the ruler of the Jews, hearing a rumor of his birth, “sent forth and slew all the

children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under". Joseph, being warned, fled with the Child and his mother into Egypt. Having no friends nor money, they stopped in a cave near Cairo, over which the Coptic church was built in the Seventh century after. I stood within the cave February 27. Joseph hearing of the death of Herod, cautiously returned to Palestine, avoiding Jerusalem and going straight to Nazareth, his home. Here he was known as "the carpenter", and here the child increased in wisdom and stature and was "subject" to his parents, giving an example of "obedience". His father and mother, as good Jews, resumed and continued their annual visits to Jerusalem, always taking Jesus with them. At the age of twelve years—puberty, the first epoch—the time with the Jews when youth attained its legal majority, at Jerusalem Jesus was admitted to the temple on an equality with the Elders, wearing on his head covering a badge showing his privilege, to this day worn by the Jewish youth in Jerusalem, as seen by me during my sojourn in the ancient city. Separated from his family by the throng, he was searched for by both father and mother, who each thought he was with the other and went out of Damascus gate homeward. Having gone a day's journey they waited, and, coming together, discovered that he was not with them. They returned and found Jesus in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the learned, disputing with them. They were much amazed. He explained to them. He must be about His "Father's business"; showing that at this early age he was conscious of His mission. I stood by a remnant of the wall of the Temple March 15th. In Nazareth he plied the trade of a carpenter, under Joseph. Each artisan in David street devotes himself exclusively to the manufacture of articles of his trade, chairs, sandals or kaftans. This I saw and noted. Eighteen years now pass by. His father, Joseph, is no more mentioned. Mary survived him. Jesus, by tradition, was of medium height, good figure, excellent health, with strong arms and legs, a good walker for great distances. He went up from Nazareth to Jerusalem repeatedly during these eighteen years, a distance of sixty miles or more, accompanied by his mother or brethren, using a donkey for packing the tent, clothing,

provisions and cooking utensils. Next to the body the kombas, over that a robe, falling straight, the second tunic fastened with a sash; over all the kaftan, coarse, strong and striped, of camel's hair, usually; on his head in folds the keffie, kept in place by a light, soft, black rope, the algal; on his feet leather boots, first red, then discolored by the dust of the highway. Jesus had a seamless garment, knit by Mary, his mother. With staff in hand and eye ahead for the path, they tramped easily six miles an hour. To this day the same custom of walking prevails with the common people. When they want to go anywhere they start out and walk. They are all famous pedestrians with strong legs and large feet. I witnessed this at Jaffa Gate, on the road to Bethlehem and to Jericho.

At thirty years of age Jesus had walked repeatedly through all the towns around Galilee, down the Valley of the Jordan, from Jericho to Jerusalem, through Bethany and Bethpage, over the Mount of Olives and to other cities, and had become familiar with every town, road, mountain, valley, river, brook, pool, tower, cave and temple throughout all Judæa, as was fit, seeing he was native and to the manor born. I traveled in a carriage, being unable to make such journeys on foot, followed in his footsteps and verified many of his journeys.

The land abounds in legends of him, and here the whole scene is redolent of his memory. His name is revered by all, in a way even by Arabs. No one would dare to indulge in levity concerning him. His character, deeds, sayings and presence in spirit dominate the land to a degree, and all feel "He is here". The Holy Ghost descended upon Him in the shape of a dove, it is said. I stood by the banks of the sacred river. He was there tempted by the devil on a high mountain and resisted, it is said. The peak overlooks the Jordan valley. The beautiful sweet waters of Elias spring gush out from its base. I drank of them.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, the Evangelists, follow no strict sequence in telling of the Saviour, aiming to give the spirit of his teaching. Canon Kingsbury of England, Carl Haase of Germany, Ernest Renan, non-Christian, and Pere Didon of Notre Dame, and many others from different points of view, have all written lives.

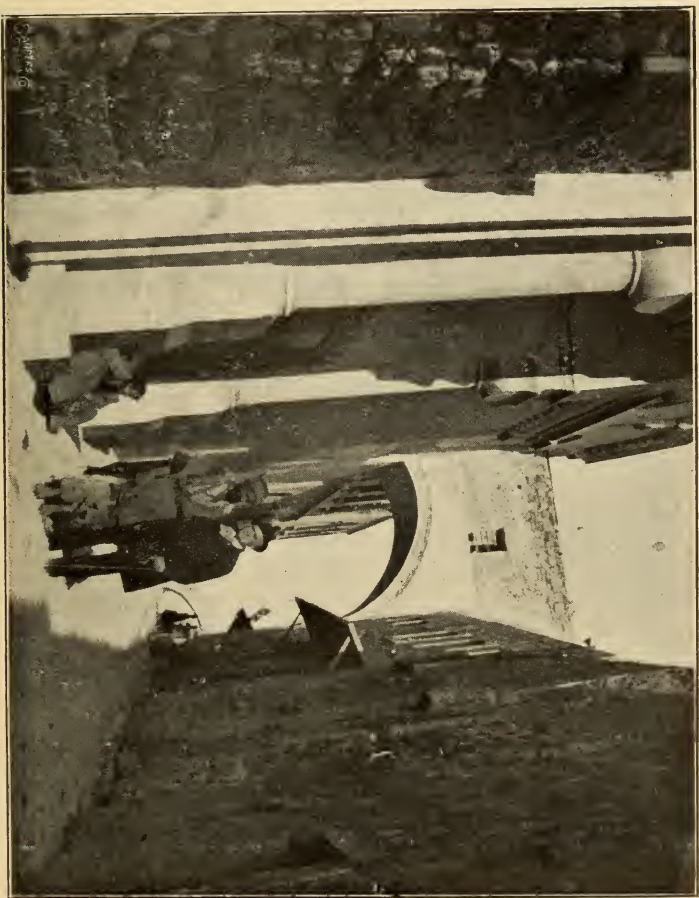
Written March 17, at Grand New Hotel at Jaffa Gate.

JERUSALEM

March 10, I landed from the propeller T'Zarowitch through a boiling surf on a frail boat between the teeth of Andromeda Rocks at Jaffa, the Joppa of the Bible. After resting at the Jerusalem Hotel, we took train for Jerusalem at 2 p. m., passing through the level fields of Sharon, the Valley of Ajalon, and past Ramleh, through the mountains, arriving at Jerusalem at 6 p. m. A carriage took us rapidly through Jaffa Gate to the Grand New Hotel, opposite Herod's old palace, now filled with the sultan's soldiers. Next morning, from the roof of the hostelry, I surveyed the scene, accompanied by Prof. H. G. Mitchell, archæologist. Far to the south I could dimly make out the Dead Sea, and beyond the Moab country. There lay the deep depression of the Jordan valley; to the east, across the Valley of Kedron, through which flowed the brook into the pool of Siloam, is the Mount of Olives; to the north the Grotto of Jeremiah, the Damascus road, the Palace of the Anglican and the American Bishop, the Rev. Blythe—whom I met in quarantine off Beirût, a most lovable gentleman—and the tombs of the kings; to the west, a long hill covered with new and splendid buildings of Greek, Roman Catholic, and English and American Protestant communities; to the southwest Mount Zion, with rows of residences erected by Hirsch and Montefiore, philanthropists, for colonizing Jews in the Zionist movement, beyond the Valley of Hinom. Over the whole scene was a cloudless, semi-tropical sky, and a delicate atmosphere. The Mosque of Omar outtops in size the dome of the Holy Sepulchre.

Stones are everywhere in Jerusalem. The streets are stone, stone the outer walls, stone walls for all the houses, stone floors, stone steps, stone roofs and tombs cut deep in the living limestone. There are no flues for smoke, no fireplaces, no wood, nor soft nor hard coal. There are a few knots of Olive trees, brought in from the mountain slopes on the backs of donkeys, and charcoal to burn in braziers for the cooking of food. The streets are narrow, little crooked alleys, David and Christian streets being from ten to twelve feet wide. No wheeled vehicles, except near Jaffa Gate. Iron bars are stretched six feet high across

David street to bar out camels. The shops are narrow, shallow and dingy, arched above to keep out the intense heat of summer. The outer walls are broad, deep and strong. The city is compact and is a vast fortification. I walked out of Jaffa Gate to the right; placed my cane against one layer of stone three feet high, and counted twenty-two stones to the top. A deep moat surrounds the wall. I passed the Dung Gate, the palace of Caiphas, the Golden Gate—the gate Stephen passed out to be stoned—the Damascus Gate and the new gates, and in eighty minutes returned to Jaffa Gate, where, if you wait long enough, you will see all of the great of the earth come in. The spring of the Jebusites located Jerusalem. I paused at the Golden Gate, long since walled up, where Jesus entered, followed by his disciples and a very great multitude. They covered the ass he rode with cloth, spread their garments in the pathway, cut down branches from the palm trees and strewed them in the way; this procession was in March, a Sunday two weeks before Easter Sunday. I walked over this ground. Jesus immediately went into the temple and called it “my temple”. He cast out the merchants and the money changers, threw over the tables and seats of those who sold doves and denounced them as thieves, and healed the blind and the lame, it is claimed. The chief priest and scribes were astounded. This was Jesus’ official entrance into Jerusalem as the Christ, the anointed King of Israel. The poor people “walked”, kings “rode” upon asses splendidly caparisoned. The white ass was the especial emblem of royalty. He retired to Bethany, to the east of Mount Olive, and there lodged. I saw here the house of Mary and Martha and of Simon the leper, his friends. He felt at home here;—there was no place for him in Jerusalem; his enemies lived there and near the wall. Jesus had a human side to his character and was attached to persons and places. I saw upon Mount Olive collateral descendants of the withered fig tree. During those two weeks he made repeated visits to Jerusalem and the Temple, confuted the Sadducees, answered the lawyers, told the parable of the Good Samaritan, showing the necessity of humanity to all who fall in our way, and nonplused the Pharisees about the Messiah. He denounced woes against their hypocrisy and blindness, and



ARCH OF PONTIUS PILATUS, VIA DOLOROSA.



prophesied the destruction of the sacred city; told the parable of the ten virgins and described the last judgment. On the Hill of Evil Counsel, which I saw in my walk around the walls of Jerusalem, they conspired against him; Judas sells him for thirty pieces of silver; he eats the passover; he institutes the last supper,—I was in the room where it was said to have occurred; he prays in the garden of Gethsemane,—I walked through it March 12th; he is betrayed, crucified, dead, buried; his sepulchre is sealed and watched; the third day he arose, it is said; appeared numerous times to his disciples and, forty days after, in the presence of his disciples and a great multitude, from Mount Olive he was received up into heaven, as it is said.

All this is related by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and in numerous letters written by Paul to Christians at Rome, Corinth, Colosse, Thessalonica; to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews; by James, by Peter, by John and by Jude. The argument made is: "Conceded that there is a God, omnipotent and omniscient, all things are possible to such a God, even that He could send His messenger upon earth to teach men morality and reveal to them immortality." These records were confided to the church and the saints, preserved and handed down to us, it is said. Many believe them all to be true.

PALESTINE AND SYRIA

On the Eastern Mediterranean, March 20th

Helena, first of Christians, the mother of Constantine the Great, Emperor of the Eastern Empire whose seat was Constantinople, impelled by religious fervor, went to Jerusalem, located Calvary, the sepulchre of Christ, and resurrected from the debris of five centuries numerous sacred relics, as she claimed. The immense holdings of the Eastern Catholics, known as the Greek or Russian Church, in and around Jerusalem, especially on Mount Olive, enclosed by ponderous walls whose rights not even the sultan himself would disturb, date from this memorable period. Russia bases whatever claim she may have, through the Greek Church, back to this time. Everywhere in Pal-

estine the Greek Catholics have their homes in churches, shrines, convents and monasteries, whose titles are hoary with the prescription of centuries;—all this to the deep-seated envy of the Roman Catholics.

Peter the Hermit, inflamed and indignant at the cruel treatment of returning pilgrims by the Turk, throughout all Italy preached the first crusade, in the tenth century, so that the fervor spread through Europe, impelling a straggling army of men and boys to the rescue of the Sacred Shrine. Italy lays its claim from this time. Godfrey de Bouillon and Philip Augustus of France led armies to the Holy Land and planted their banners on the walls of the ancient city. St. Louis started there and died on the way. France harks back to this time and remembers that Frenchmen led by Napoleon I dyed the plains of Sharon, the valley of Ajalon and the walls of Acre with their heroic blood.

Frederick I, Emperor of Germany, in 1189 led a valiant army over the stony passes of Lebanon and through the white heated limestone roads of Palestine, and the present Emperor William II, in 1898, 709 years later, encamped before the Gate of Jaffa, clad as a knight crusader in full panoply of war, with his retainers. They were compelled to widen the Gate of Jaffa by tearing down a part of the ancient wall to let his cavalcade make the grand entry. Everything in Jerusalem now dates from the German Emperor's peaceful conquest. His and the Empress' portraits adorn the walls of the Grand New Hotel. He said, "I have no faith in Gordon's Golgotha. I do believe this, Helena's church, is the right spot." William also is thinking about getting a foothold in the Holy Land. The effigies of many bold knight crusaders, cut in stone, with legs crossed, adorn Westminster Abbey, in London, and her own Richard, King of England, he of the "lion heart", with ponderous battle-axe, made his mark upon the closed gates of Jerusalem. England does not forget this.

In 1856, by the treaty then made between the European powers and the Sublime Porte, the Ottoman ruler laid the flattering unction to his soul that never thereafter would there be any interference in the internal dissensions between the Druses, the Maronites, or the Syrian Christians in his empire by any European power; so that these warring sects

of "Christian dogs" could bite and fight and destroy each other, to his intense and secret satisfaction. Nor were his satellites and sympathizers slow in fomenting those internecine Christian strifes, resulting, in 1860, in a massacre led by Ahmed Pasha of Damascus, in the murder of six thousand Christians in that city and eight thousand in the Lebanon region. Condignly was he punished. Napoleon III landed an army from French battleships off Beirût of ten thousand soldiers and marched to the scene of conflict; the sheik suffered decapitation. A new convention of the six Christian states of Europe, Russia, Germany, Austria, Italy, England and France, established a protectorate over the Lebanon region and the Maronite, Druse, Syrian and other Christians there, under which, as industrious mechanics, merchants and farmers, they have in forty-two years prospered amazingly, it is said. This, in my opinion, is the entering wedge. It is the leaven which will leaven the whole lump. What Christian Crusaders, warring among themselves, failed to accomplish six hundred years ago, being easily defeated piecemeal by the Saracen hero Saladin and the Mahometan generals, the present European powers, by their united armies and diplomacy, will in time effectually secure. The relative conditions and qualities of the Orient Infidel and the Western Christian have, in the lapse of long ages, been quite reversed. Such is the blighting effect of Moslem misrule and the elevating power of true Christianity. The Holy Land will yet be wholly redeemed, made prosperous, sanitary and decent; safe dwelling place for all Christians of all sects and a comfort to all Christian pilgrims.

Conversations with Durazzo, Benunes, Mahmoud Abdel-eaham, H. Wutzler of Mussonè; Capt. and Mrs. Farquahson of the Royal Engineers in the Imperial Service in India; Francesco D'Onofrio of Napoli; Count Salita Petrario, Rev. Edw. W. Stevenson, Philip Henrico; Rev. H. H. Jessup, for forty years missionary at Beirût; Mr. William Libbey of England; Mr. Edward Spices of Pentland, Eng.; Dr. Seigfried Heller of Vienna; Abdallah Beydoun, an intelligent Arab; Mr. Wm. J. Lowstutes; Mr. John Banbury, ex-mayor of Woodstock, Eng.; Henry M. Tyndall; Badie Houranie, an old citizen of Beirût; the Rev. Griffith

Thomas, a most eloquent Protestant minister; Richard Colledanis, captain of the propeller *Semiramis*; Abraham Jecheu; Leo Eisenstein of Vienna; Elias Talhamy, a Christian Arab; Yanni G. Paulo, an humble Christian of Jaffa, born in Athens, who was our courier to Jordan and Jericho; Isadore Salom of Wein; Nicholas C. Rossides of Limosol, Cyprus; Mr. Henry W. Davis, our lonesome American consul at Alexandretta; D. G. Lyon of Cambridge, Mass.; the American Consul of Jerusalem, Mr. Merrit; Carlo Persino, the brilliant Count Carino of Italy, on board the fine propeller *Electra*; the intelligent, courteous, accomplished and well-informed Dutchman, Mr. J. C. Cramer of the Hague, Holland, formerly Minister of Queen Wilhelmena of Holland; and especially the amiable, the Right Rev. G. Hopham Blythe of Jerusalem, upon whom, by invitation, I called in his Episcopal palace west of Jerusalem, near the tombs of the ancient kings of Israel. With all these and many other learned, intelligent and affable gentlemen, scholars, Christians, Greeks, Europeans and Mahometans, I conversed en route, on shipboard, on railroads, in carriages and at hotels, throughout Palestine. From them and former investigations and present personal observations, I base my views and wishes of the complete redemption of the Holy Land from Moslem taxation, plundering rapacity and misrule. Not one syllable during all my journeyings did I hear in favor of the overbearing, cruel and exacting sultan.

PRINCE RULOFF

'Tis the land of the East, where all, save
the spirit of man, is divine.—Byron.

Prince Ruloff had come of age. He said to his indulgent father, "Father, I wish to go abroad and see the world." So the Emperor replied, "There lies my good steam yacht in the harbor of Lune de Meer. Go take her, take with you a crew, as much money as you need, and a retinue suitable for one of your station. Go east, as Vasco De Gama did centuries ago, around the whole world, visiting all lands, acquainting yourself with all nations as becomes

one who is to be a ruler of men, and come back in good time to your home and you shall be welcome." Gaily the young prince went forth on his voyage and in due time returned from the west, through the narrow straits. His father was pleased to see the manifest improvement in his son's manners and character. He had been inclined to a certain levity. There was great rejoicing in his splendid capital among his loving subjects, who lived like one large family, and had a pride in their well-beloved Emperor and his long line of glorious ancestors. The prince became the darling of the people. He had grown well in stature and by nature walked a very king among men. Long and anxiously the Emperor's councilors had sought among the princesses of every foreign capital for a suitable life companion for their young master.

The heir of the ancient Empire of Christodora must have a wife his equal in birth and accomplishments.

There lived at that time in Aurelium, a small kingdom by the North Sea, a young princess just budding into womanhood, the pride of her fond father's heart.

After the grand tour of the world and a rest, young Ruloff made a voyage to this kingdom, was invited to the palace, remained there a week, and such were the graces of his person that unconsciously to herself he entirely won the heart of Marguerite, the king's daughter. "Oh," she said, in her girlish, enthusiastic way, "I would consider any lady that could have you perfectly happy!" Gallantly the young prince replied, "You can be that lady." But it was merely a compliment. After the departure of Prince Charming the young Esmerelda thought constantly of him and longed to have him return. She so importuned her over-fond father, the king, to send for him and arrange a matrimonial alliance that he had to yield against his better judgment. In due time the young scion of the house of Christodoro arrived and was entertained at a sumptuous feast. He desired to ride through the environs of the beautiful capital. The king kindly furnished a carriage and mounted guard. This the prince dispensed with, saying he would rather go incognito. After one turn around the public garden the young man arose and handed a Havana cigar to the driver, told him to drive out in the surrounding country and return

in a couple of hours as he wished to go across the square. The driver returned and drove around until four o'clock the next morning without finding his charge, and then reported to the palace. The king, in alarm, sent soldiers to search every public place, café and resort in the city without avail. Finally, at five o'clock, the visiting young lord returned. The king then sent detectives and found that he had spent seven hours in a room in the Hotel Bellevue, where he had lodged an actress, Mlle. Estelle Roussillon, who had accompanied him on the railroad train on his journey. At breakfast the next morning the young guest gaily descanted upon the beautiful scenery in the suburbs. The king then frankly informed him that his detectives had traced him through his escapade, reprimanded him severely and sent him home under an escort with a message to his father relating his disgraceful conduct. The young lady wondered at the sudden departure of her to be lover and husband and was inconsolable. Next day appeared in the court paper an explanatory notice, alleging the youth of the princess as a cause for breaking off the match. Arrived under his father's roof he was taken to task and lectured for his misconduct. Time passed. The princess pined in inconsolable sorrow and vain regret. She caused the inmates of the palace distress by her wretched condition, and finally told her father if she could not have her Ruloff back she would starve and die. The fond father yielded and sent ambassadors to the emperor. Apologies were made, the young heir was induced to come again to the palace of the king. In due time he married the princess and she was apparently happy.

Her life in the home of her young lord and husband was not a bed of roses. He neglected her and finally lashed her with a whip. He had never loved her. She vainly complained to the empress, who sided with her son, the pride of his mother's heart. She then went to the emperor with her grievance. Bitterly he reproached the youth and threatened to send him to the fortress of Herzgovina as a prisoner. "Father," he said, "I will resign my claim to the throne, divorce my hated wife, marry the woman I love, with whom I have been intimate for years, take my fortune and emigrate to America." "Who is this woman?" "She

is the beautiful Cassandra, a noble lady and a classic beauty." "My heavens! my son, what have you done? Know you not that lady is your own half-sister, my natural daughter? In my youth, I, too, loved unlawfully and was intimate with the wife of the ambassador from Adrainople." "Oh! Oh!" said the miserable young man, "I will kill myself." The next morning in a beautiful summer house in the suburbs, Cassandra was found lying dead, with Ruloff, dead, lying over her breast crossed; two large, gilt candlesticks, lighted, were burning at their head. "The wages of sin is death."—Written off Beirût, March 21, on board the Electra.

CONSTANTINOPLE

HOTEL BRISTOL, Constantinople, April 2.

The Sea of Azov, the Black Sea, and the rivers tributary thereto, pour a vast flood of waters from the rain that falls annually on the millions of acres that slope into these basins, through the Don, the Dnieper and the Danube. This flood finds an outlet through the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, the Hellespont and the Dardenelles, into the Ægean Sea surrounding the Greek Archipelago, thence into the Mediterranean Sea, and so into the Atlantic Ocean, all without a break in the descent, thus constituting a system of inland seas navigable at all seasons of the year, by a small pleasure yacht or the great Celtic. The only parallel to this chain of inland seas are the great lakes of North America, dividing Canada from the United States of America, and found to be of inestimable value to us as highways for heavy freight transportation, spite of the Sault Ste. Marie and the steep descent at Niagara. The very key to the waters dividing Eastern Europe from Asia is the narrow channel between the Black and the Ægean seas. Ages ago, even at the dawn of history, this neck of water was predestined to be the center of a mighty population. In a radius of ten miles around Constantinople there are now one million people.

Persians, Greeks, Romans, Genoese, Ottomans, Turks, Russians and Bulgarians have alternately and successively contended for supremacy at this pivotal point, first called

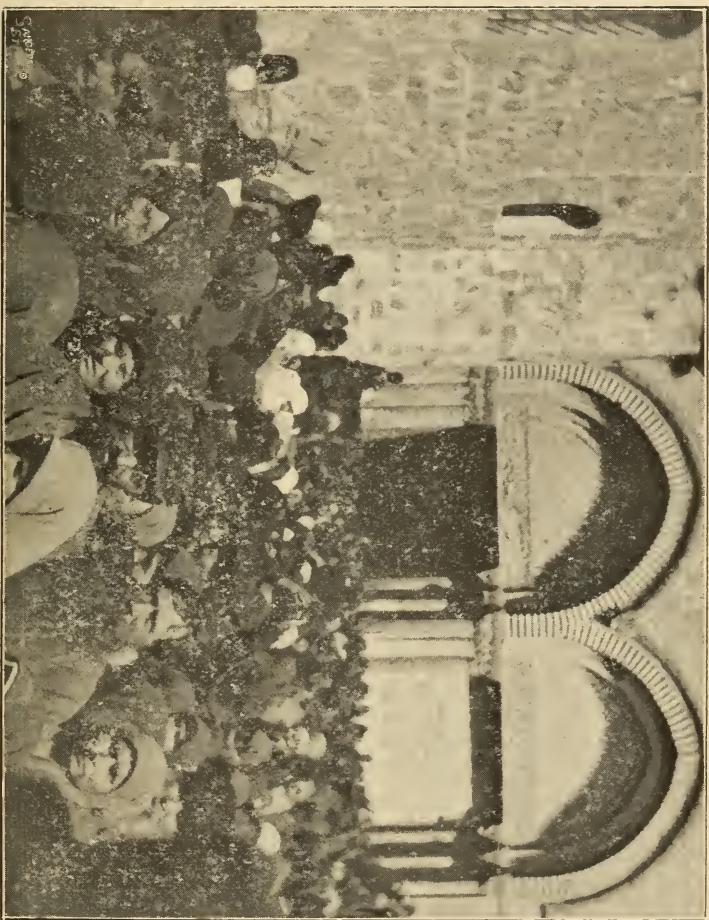
Byzantium, then New Rome, after and now the City of Constantine the Great; Stamboul (from eis-ten-polis); Pera on the European side, and Skutari on the Asiatic, being the three divisions.

At the end of the Sixth century B. C. it was subject to Persia; after the battle of Platea to Greece. In 339 B. C. Philip of Macedon besieged it and was repulsed. The barking of dogs at the light of a new moon and the falling of a meteor aroused the defenders; in commemoration, the crescent and the star were adopted as souvenirs, and transmitted from Byzantium to Constantinople, and so to the flag of Islam. The dogs and their descendants have ever since been privileged. They are scavengers, are not ferocious, but gentle and grateful, sad and diminishing. Street cars and hacks driven fast, cold and starvation, are killing them off.

Rome appeared on the scene in 148 B. C. with a treaty. In 196 A. D. Septimus Severus captured the city and destroyed the ancient walls, before that a great safeguard against barbarian tribes invading it from the north and east. In 269 A. D. Claudius, surnamed Gothicus, defeated and dispersed the Goths;—a column still standing in the Seraglio commemorates this event. In 325 Constantine transferred the capital of the Roman Empire to this spot, and at the beginning of the Fourth century it monopolized the commerce of the then civilized world and was important politically.

In 447 Attila and his Huns were repulsed from its walls, with Vandals, Goths, Bulgarians and Persians. In 673 the Saracens began a series of attacks that culminated, in 1453, in its complete surrender to them under Mohammed II. They have ever since held it, spite of the repeated attempts of the powerful Empire of Russia to wrest it from them. The Russians have coveted Constantinople for one thousand years. As long as the five Christian Powers act as guardian of the Sick Man of Europe, he will keep it.

The tower of Galata in Pera, the mosque of St. Sophia in Stamboul, the museum with the sarcophagi excavated at Tyre, Sidon and Haifa; the Pigeon Mosque, the Mosque of the Mosaics, and the splendid palaces on the Bosphorus are the chief attractions.



RUSSIAN PILGRIMS COMING OUT HOLY SEPULCHER, MARCH 2, 1902.

Leaving Jaffa on March 19th, we sailed past all the coast cities of Palestine, Cyprus and Asia Minor, reaching the Ottoman capital ten days later. We are now bound for Greece.

THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN AND THE ÆGEAN SEA

April 3d, on board Sumatra, in Piræus, off Athens.

Embarking through the always agitated surf that frets the Rocks of Jaffa, on the morning of Wednesday, March 19th, on board the fine steamer *Electra*, Captain Petris, in the service of the Austrian Lloyd, formerly for years in China seas, we proceeded leisurely from port to port, touching at Beirût, Alexandretta, all the ports of Cyprus, Limosol, Larnaka, Mursina, past the islands of Rhodes and Chio, stopping a day at Smyrna, and rounding the promontory of Asia Minor, up through the Sea of Marmora, through the Dardenelles, we finally cast anchor near Galata bridge, connecting Pera and Stamboul. On board were a number of Austrian tourists, led by Leo Eisenstein, Isadore Salom, Nicholas Rossides, J. C. Cramer, ex-consul from Holland to Java, Nittorio Lanza, a Greek priest, and Carlo Persino, Count of Corino, Italy, and many other unenumerated cultivated gentlemen. They did justice to the elegant menu, sampled havanas, read the newest books and played chess. By invitation I played with Captain Petris a game lasting one hour, until our pieces on the board were reduced to three for him, two for me—a pitched battle, fought to a finish. I also read a copy of the New Testament through seriatim, with all the scenes mentioned fresh in my mind, and so, understandingly and critically. What power and sweep and depth and strength in the language of Paul, the one sent to nations abroad! How frank and free in all his confessions! What inspiration of genius and spirituality! Over these very seas he repeatedly passed in ships of all kinds, making four full voyages between Asia Minor, Syria, Greece and Rome. How he glories in his sufferings for the cause he once so bitterly persecuted! He tells us his tribulations: In stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft, three times beaten of rods; of the

Jews he received five times forty lashes save one; once stoned, three times shipwrecked, a night and a day on the deep, on these very seas; in journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in perils of waters, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils in the cities, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren, in perils in the sea. His memory haunts these waters, his spirit dominates them. What Moses was to the Old Testament, Paul is to the New. In yonder city of Athens he preached with power and force to the learned and critical Greeks, calling their attention to the fact that they had dedicated one temple to the "unknown god". He was cruelly beheaded in Rome at the end of his career.

SAIDA: THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER, THE TOMB OF TABNINTH. ARCHÆOLOGY

April 4, at Grand Hotel, D'Angelterre, Athens, Greece.

At Saida, on the coast of Palestine, in 1887, a peasant farmer had occasion to sink a well. He suddenly came upon a cavity, explored it and found it contained tombs. Being in the sultan's dominions, he was notified. The superintendent of the royal museum at Stamboul conferred with Hamed Bey. Excavations were commenced, resulting in the uncovering of an entire necropolis. The tombs and statues proved to be of the period about 400 B. C., and the treasure trove some of the finest chisselings in Pentelican marble of the best period of Athens, in a style the best of the time of Phidias and Praxiteles. Due reports, descriptions and photos were made. The classic scholars and critics of Rome, Venice, Berlin, Paris and London read with wonder and delight of these works of highest art, so long covered up in the earth, and so providentially disclosed. Many made special pilgrimages to see them.

Ferdinand Paruta, our guide, an intelligent and apparently truthful man, born of an English mother and an Italian father, in Venice, said that for the Alexander sarcophagus—so called because of its elaborate delineations of his battles and triumphs, all in high relief, on the four sides—was offered a fabulous sum in English money by Queen Victoria and refused by the Sultan. The entire sarcophagus, with

roof-shaped lid, is marble, about eight feet by four, by six feet high.

There are three others not so large but just as artistic. The mourning women cut on one particularly attracted me. Such dignity, pathos and sorrow depicted in their faces and whole attitudes! Never has such art been attained in the two thousand three hundred years that have since elapsed.

One anthropoid sarcophagus of dark blue granite told its own strange eventful history. First made in Egypt, its owner, an Egyptian priest, had been resurrected. His descendants, of a thrifty turn, sold the coffin to a certain Phœnecian priest, an ambitious but economical gentleman, who had cut in the Phœnecian tongue an inscription that his name was Tabninth, priest of Astarte, king of the Sidonians; that his body was inclosed with no gold or silver; denouncing upon vandal hands that might open his tomb that they "should have no children and no safe tomb". This being a remarkable resemblance to the terrible curse engraved upon Shakespeare's tomb in the church at Stratford-upon-Avon, Ferdinand Paruta insisted that the "Divine William" had seen and copied it. I called his attention to the anachronism. He still contended and held to his statement. He further stated that the Rev. Tabninth was a manifest liar, because gold and silver ornaments decorating his body were found and Paruta afterward showed them to me in the blue tiled museum across the plaza. The well-preserved skeleton of Tabninth, deceased, was also found under the lid, and now rests in a glass case near his coffin. Even the intestines were all there, but desiccated. Professors Schlieman, Hillpricht, Gutleffesos, Bendofflesos, Guman, Bergamo and many continental societies are doing much in resurrecting valuable antiquities.

ATHENS

Written, April 8th, on the parapet
of the Acropolis of Athens, Greece.

The final repulse of the Persians occurred in 431 B. C., when Kimon defeated their ablest general in two brilliant battles. The intense rivalry existing between the different

Grecian cities led to a combination against Athens, resulting in Lacedemonian leadership. Under the second Attic League Athens was again prosperous until, at Cheronaea, she suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of Philip of Macedonia. Under the immediate administration of Lycurgus, who was a good ruler, the Stadium was built where, in 1896, American contestants carried off all the prizes. It is now being reconstructed entirely of Pentelican marble at the expense of a public spirited citizen, M. Averoff, costing ten million francs.

Three kings of Pergamos surrounded the theater and agora with colonades. In 145 B. C. the whole land came under Roman rule, including Macedonia. Cæsar and Anthony favored Athens, although it had sided with Pompey, their enemy. Hadrian, the Roman emperor, erected the temple of the Olympian Zeus. Herod Atticus erected the Odeion. Athens was the university of the ancient world. Later on, during the decline of the Roman power, barbarian hords overran Athens and it fell before the Goths. In 1456 Athens surrendered to the Turk Omar;—Turkish occupation lasted three hundred and fifty years. The Venetians, whose commerce made them wealthy, disturbed their occupation in 1464, and in 1687, during a siege by Francesco Morosini, a bomb fell into the Turkish powder magazine, placed in the temple of the Parthenon, reducing to ruins the hitherto intact building. In 1821 the standard of independence was raised by the Greeks, resulting, in 1833, in the intervention of the Christian Powers. The Turkish troops evacuated the city. The Bavarian troops of the newly-elected king Otho entered. In 1902, on Monday, April 7, by invitation of Carlo Persino, Count of Corino, with whom I became intimate on board the Electra, he teaching me Italian from a book of well-constructed fables written by Trillissa, I beheld from the balcony in front of his rooms in the Hotel De Etrangers, the procession celebrating the Greek Fourth of July, headed by King George I, in his state carriage, the crown princess, sister of William II, sitting on his right, diagonally across, Constantine, his son, the crown prince, and immediately opposite, his grandson, who will be, if he lives, George II. In a carriage following sat Olga, the queen, wife of King George I, niece

to the Grand Duke Constantine, who was brother of Alexander III, late emperor of Russia. All this was explained to me by Otho Rizo Rangalie, a prominent Athenian citizen, who seemed enthusiastic. Delegations from the artillery, navy and army followed the king. Long lines of school boys in military costumes continued the march, singing, in childish treble, the ancient patriotic songs of Greece, to inspiring music, just as if they had stepped out of a procession delineated on an ancient Grecian vase, so vividly described by the poet Keats. I took a snap shot of the king and returned to my own hotel, D'Angelterre, where I saw him pass on his coming back. The streets were filled with dense masses of people, well-dressed, orderly and pleased. I heard no cheers. The whole nation seems to breathe easier since relieved of the nightmare of the Turk. It is a fact that Lacedemonians, Macedonians, Romans and even Goths and Vandals, have all been in possession of Greece as conquerors, but all have protected the monuments and statues, except the Turks, who have decapitated every marble image, as against their religion. All the conquerors have loved the Greek people and Greek art, except the Turk, of whom to say that he is a "Turk" is to say all that is most odious. Even "Tartar" does not suffer by comparison.

Many times I visited the Acropolis. On April 8th I sat long on the northeast wall of the parapet. A friendly cat sat by me to be petted. I looked with admiration on the broken facade of the Parthenon, the vigorous figures of the caryatides supporting a porch of the Erechtheum, and the stately pillars of the Propylæ. From this height, five hundred feet above the sea, commencing at the southeast, I could see the Olympeion, Mount Hymettus, the Arch of Adrian, the monument of Lysicrates and the Stadium spread out below; next, the palace and palace garden, then the city stretching far away to Lykabettus, the Cathedral, University, the Tower of Winds, the Bazaar, the Stoa of Hadrian, and the road that led to Sacred Eleusis, with the Convent of Daphni. Going to the bastion southwest of the Temple of the Wingless Victory, I could see the Areopagus, the Pnyx where Demosthenes launched his philippics, the old and new Phaleron, the Peloponnesus, and, far away,

immortal Salamis, in a deep blue sea, reflecting a blue sky, and over all a blaze of wondrous sunlight.

The glory of Athens is a plant that blooms not once in a year, nor even in a century: it bloomed once in an aeon, but is perennial and everlasting, shedding the perfume of perpetual youth and immortality down through all the ages, for the blessing and enlightenment of an admiring world. Paul preached on Mars hill to Athenians who were religiously inclined, and who now are moral, upright and brotherly in their daily conduct. I am a Philhellene, and glad of it.

NOTE.—The front of the Parthenon is covered with immense scaffolding for repairing the structure. Taking a chisel and hammer from the hands of a Greek journeyman stonecutter shaping a new capital of Pentelican marble, I cut away for some time; so it is true that I have assisted a mite in restoring this unique temple. He informed me that the cat that followed we was a patriotic Lacedemonian animal which had had one eye clawed out in a fight with a white Persian-Turkish cat from Constantinople three years back.

NAPLES: THE MUSEUM, VESUVIUS, POMPEII

The eruption of A. D. 79, that which was intended to destroy, preserved a city; the irony of fate.

NAPOLI, Rue Partenope, April 17.

In the Museum, the heroic sized bust of Julius Cæsar, in the Portico of the Emperors, reveals his character: brow, nose, cheeks, jaw, all strong; cerebrum wide and broad; back head full and large, denoting executive ability; mouth calm, disdainful; antique marble; original; much restored—a celebrated bust of the most celebrated man of antiquity, indeed, of the world; general, lawmaker, terse writer. This bust was selected by the admiring Napoleon III for the frontispiece of his *Life of Cæsar*; verifying in every splendid lineament his title to the most commanding intellect ever given to any of the children of men.

The value of his great labors, truly Hurculean, in subduing barbarous nations to civil government and law, civilization in Europe and America, reaps the benefit of to-day!

Cæsar, the first of Emperors, occupies the place of honor in the center of the seventy-one antique marbles from the Farnese, Herculaneum and Pompeii collections that enrich this hall, down through Augustus Tiberius—in power at the time of our Lord—through Claudius, Caligula, Nero, Caracalla—all odious, cruel and infamous—to Marcus Aurelius the Good; to Domitian, the last of the emperors.

Winged Mercury, a bronze figure, “new lighted on a heaven kissing hill”—as Shakespeare, a true Grecian and Roman, by intuition would have it—in another hall, is a masterpiece. The Farnese Hercules, brought by Caracalla from Athens to Rome, found in his bath, is muscle-bound—an exaggeration. Likewise the over-admired Farnese Bull, with four life-sized figures, all in full action. Socrates, with flat nose, but full of expression, has written in Greek below his bust a sentence extolling the duty of following one’s “mature reflections”. Impossible would it be, in a short article, to enumerate the treasures of this wonderful museum, erected to the order of Viceroy, Duke D’Ossuni, by Cavaliere Fontana, begun three hundred years ago, not yet finished, containing objects from Herculaneum and Pompeii, from Capodimonte—the Farnese collection—real Museo Borbonico, the Cumæan collection, statues, reliefs, bronzes cameos, paintings, bracelets, rings, jewels, more than one hundred and twenty thousand, valued into billions of lira, revealing the glories of a civilization two thousand years old, that even tax-ridden Italy, impoverished by army and priesthood, would not willingly part withal.

On April 12th, from the heights of San Martino, a magnificent old monastery, with church walls, windows, mural decorations, mosaics, gilt altars, lovingly done by the monks, the former tenants—now empty and confiscated by the Royal Government—I viewed the city of Naples below, with its half million people, whose voices sounded like the noise of many waters ascending from beneath. I could see before me, due south, the Bay of Naples, horseshoe shaped, wide, deep, sufficiently ample to float the navies of the world, lauded by Horace in his famous lines:

“Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis praelucet amenis.”

To the far right Posilipo, on whose harbor-sheltered villa

I yesterday partook of fresh fried carp; then Capodimonte and the road leading from Virgil's tomb; the island of Ischia; to the left Capri, beyond which lies Sorrento, the residence of the American-born, English-looking, Italian-loving, Catholic, artistic novelist, F. Marion Crawford—whom I met on the propeller Aller; the Blue Grotto hard by, and nearer, on the left, Pompeii, in whose resurrected streets and houses I walked the same day; between Naples and the buried city, Vesuvius—the etymology of whose name is still unsolved by even fifty learned scholars—Vesuvius, sleeping and smoking, like a great lazy Turk, enjoying his narghil and his inimitable “keyeff”—“*dolce far niente*,” *otium cum dignitate*; and, like the Ottoman, liable to sudden and destructive eruptions; to the south, the bright sun sparkling on the deep blue sea waves, over-arched by a cloudless Italian sky. Oh, Naples! beautiful Naples! “*Vide Napoli, e poi mori.*”

Tuesday, April 15, on Toledo street, so named under the rule of the Spanish Bourbons, now Via Roma, called the Corso, I sat by a table sipping black coffee and noted the procession of carriages, a periodical exhibition of the beauty, chivalry and fashion of fascinating Naples, a wonderful cavalcade, four hours in passing!

The custodian of the crypt beneath the altar of the cathedral, built on the Temple of Apollo, showed in a glass case the sacred relic, a forefinger of St. Januarius, passionately kissed by two Catholic priests and one Protestant lady of our party! Twice a year, May and September, a bottle is taken from its altar, closed with three locks, the municipality, the church and the general of the army each holding a key, and before ten thousand devoted, struggling Napolitans, restrained only by the soldiers, the blood of this martyr is seen miraculously to liquefy and boil, as it is claimed. (So salt liquefies in moist weather.)

Naples' quays are fine. She exports statues of Carara marble, bronzes, coral beads, wines, macaroni, paintings, cameos and other works of art. Her people are gay, light-hearted, intelligent, living in front of their shops and in the open air. I love Napoli and the Napolitans; good people, brave and handsome. I learned to parlatto Italiano sufficient to get through with the aid of a pocket dictionary.

→ ITINERARY OF THE TOUR →



Our personally conducted tour ended April 14, at breakfast, at Hotel De Vesuve. Farewell, companions of the voyage. I ate one hundred and ninety-five symposiums with the party.

ROME: IMPERIAL, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN

Written on Pincian Hill, April 29th

Leaving my room at 76 Via Da San Nicola de Tolentino, in the Hotel Metropole, under whose hospitable roof I passed many happy hours, my apartment looking out on a garden contiguous, visited by white-winged pigeons which I fed every morning, I proceed westwardly across the Piazza Barberini into Via Sistine to the Pincio, where I seat myself on a comfortable bench overlooking Piazza Del Popolo. A Roman lady passes by leading a muzzled innocent-looking King Charles spaniel and gazes curiously at me—Americano—with paper pad writing this monograph with handy fountain pen brought along for the purpose. Here follow these abbreviated notes made by me:

Directly in front, across the yellow Tiber flowing between walled banks, rises the level heights of Janiculum. I can see the church of San Pietro in Montorio, erected to commemorate the martyrdom of St. Pietro, who was crucified head downwards. To the left, I can see shining in the sun the Passeggiatia Margherita and the bronze statue of Garibaldi, the liberator of Italy. Yesterday, with some very dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mann, of Portland, Ore.; the learned and accomplished scholar, and archæologist, Dr. J. Howard Knight, of Philadelphia, Pa., and wife, six months a resident of Rome at the elegant Hotel Eden, I rode in a splendid two-horse carriage through the lovely public gardens on that hill, the way winding through hawthorne hedges overgrown with snowy banks of clematis, beneath which crimson cyclamens and scarlet orchids were sheltered from the sun. I remember me that on this Pincian Hill where I sit, for twenty-five hundred years there have been pleasure gardens and elegant villas embowered in sylvan scenes like that described in the Lady of Lyons, and there are now such gardens here. Here, indeed. Messalina, the wife of

Emperor Claudius, reveled in her orgies through the dead waste and middle of a summer night, playing hide-and-seek in a single transparent silk robe, half concealing and half revealing her mature charms, chased by the gilded Antinous-like Roman youth;—the prototype in later ages of the lustful Catherine II of Russia;—orgies carried on to that extent by the Roman matron as to finally disgust even the easy, goodnatured Claudius, her husband, who, in intense indignation, when she died had her body thrown on a common ash cart and carried through the public streets amid the scorn and derision of the populace. In strong antithesis to this pagan woman, is the sisterhood of nuns near by to the left on this same hill, who inhabit Santissima Trinita del Monti, and whose sweet and saintly voices intone pieces composed for them by Mendelsohn, with choral and organ accompaniment at vespers, which I heard last Sunday. This church is at the head of Scala Di Spagna, one hundred and thirty-seven steps, descending into Piazza Di Spagna, where I kodakked Mr. and Mrs. Mann two days since.

From my seat on this Pincian parapet I can look down on Piazza Del Popolo, entered by the gate of the same name, known as such through all history. I can see where all the victorious Roman armies, entering the capital from the north, passed proudly in; where the chariots were driven westwardly up through the old corso, now Corso Umberto, passing through the Foro Romano, even to Monti Palatino, where were the palaces of the nobles. I can see the dome of the Church San Carlo on the corso; behind the glass roof of the Mausoleum of Augustus, and between the flat dome of the Pantheon, in which are deposited many bones of the early Christians, removed from the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, one and one-quarter miles beyond the Porta San Sebastiano. I can see the Pantheon, whose splendid bronze ceiling in the portico was wrecked to be cast into useless canon in the Middle Ages, still to-day one of the best preserved of the monuments of imperial Rome. Beyond the dome of this round monument I can catch a glimpse of the famed Campagna, the gigantic remains of the old aqueducts, so laboriously and ignorantly constructed to supply the ancient city with pure water from the mountains beyond, among which I see Monti Albani, made famous by Virgil in

his Eclogues and Idylls, "where my father fed his flocks, you know". Beyond the Pantheon lies the small church of San Guiseppe de Falegnami, built over the Carcer Mamertinus, a foul dungeon, where cruelly perished Jugurtha and patriotic Vercengetorix, after nineteen years imprisonment, by order of Julius Cæsar—an indelible stain upon an otherwise noble character. This chamber is twelve feet below the floor of the church; the level of the Foro Romano is eighteen feet below that, revealing three levels created by the debris of ages.

Beyond Monti Palatino lies Monti Aventino, in ancient times the dwelling place of the Roman Plebs. To my left is Monti Quirinal, Monti Viminal and Monti Esquilina, and beyond, Monti Celio.

Four times, accompanied by companions of the voyage, in carriages I have made the rounds of all the ancient monuments, including the Temple of Vesta and the mighty Coliseum; many times in isolated cab rides to kodak the objects, and on foot and in the tramways for two weeks have I threaded the labyrinth of stone-paved streets through miles of palatial buildings to obtain an accurate knowledge of the topography first. On this same Pincian Hill, where I sit, I must not forget to mention that Lucullus, *arbiter elegantiarum*, and the friend of Cicero, held his feasts. In his menu one course was "nightingales' tongues", and here to-day the fashion and chivalry of Rome drive and stop to listen to the military band, the dames to sip ices and wines, while the gay Italians pay and receive visits in their carriages in the afternoon.

On these enumerated hills and environs was built the imperial city of Rome, whose monogram was S. P. Q. R., (Senatus Populusque Romanus); and within the ancient walls lived two million people; the city commenced by the legendary Romulus and Remus, but really founded by the hardy and brainy Etruscans, as was Athens by the Pelasgians and Jerusalem by the Jebusites,—the controlling motive in each case being high hills, precipitous elevations for defense against invading enemies. The Hebrews in Palestine drove out the Jebusites and developed the religion of a single omnipotent God—monetheism. The Athenians, saved from destruction by repelling the invading Persians,

evolved, in the age of Pericles, a body of Art, in the Drama, Architecture, Statuary and Painting that served as prototype object lessons to their after conquerors, the Romans, who subjugated them but saved and protected their monuments. The ancient Romans under Cæsar and his successors, the emperors, seemed to be inspired with a very phrenzy of energy and enterprise, conquering and subduing the Allemanni, Suevi, Vandals, Goths, Scots, Picts, Britons, Gauls, Copts, Syrians and Dalmatians, extending their power from Assouan in Egypt, Jerusalem in Syria, Byzantium on the Bosphorus, Dalmatia on the Danube, to Hispania, to Gallia, to Brittanian, maintaining till 500 A. D. a wall and a military guard to repel the Scots in their raids. Ancient Rome developed a military and political power compelling savage tribes to submit to order and law, on foundations for mediæval and modern Europe, of signal service to the peoples of all after ages in Europe and America. From two millions under the emperors, Rome was reduced to fifteen thousand after its fall. Between that time and the present, Rome has revived, until now, since the liberation in 1871, whose anniversary is being celebrated this very day, she has again reached nearly half a million. From the Fall to the Crusades is a dark period, the formative period of mediæval Rome, and of the Catacombs worship and the early Christians.

From my seat here on Pincio, I can see the dome of St. Pietro, raised by the genius of Michael Angelo A. D. 1506, behind which I have seen the setting sun descend in the glorious clouds of Italian skies. To my left in the distance is the palace of the king, Victor Emanuelo III. Here live, on opposite sides of the Tiber, the Holy Father, the good Leo XIII, the three hundred and thirtieth pope in the line of representatives from St. Pietro—whose procession to the papal throne along the splendid nave, amid the enthusiastic vivas of idolizing followers I witnessed last Thursday—living in apparent amity and peace in the same city with the reigning king, of the new dynasty, descended from Carlo Alberto of Savoy. Here I see before me modern Rome, devoted to Art and Religion, filled with four hundred splendid churches, in the place of that Pagan Rome which crucified St. Pietro and decapitated St. Paul. The very irony of fate, a city filled with devoted followers of that

religion so unanimously cast out and condemned by Rome under the Cæsars! Nor is the mandate of this great center of Religion and Art yet exhausted. It will continue, I believe, to be for ages to come a light unto the whole world for Civilization and Religion.

THE BARBERINI, MEDICI AND BORGHESI

Hotel Metropole, April 29th.

Next to the Piazza Da Spagna, in all ages so much frequented by strangers, following at a distance due south through Via Sistina, is the Piazza Barberini (Bees). Due south and adjoining, stands the former residence of this family, enobled through long years in the Middle Ages by signal services to the State, and as cardinals, popes and princes of the Church, whose fame extended throughout all Europe. I walked in a pensive mood through the high-ceilinged chambers, frescoed walls and splendid grounds of this princely seat, now in the heart of the city and the property of the State, in a portion of which resides the haughty and invisible—to common people—Spanish ambassador. The court, laid out as a garden, contains a statue of Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor. On the landing of the first floor there is a lion in high relief, from Tivoli. The gallery contains the portrait—original and from the beginning in this mansion—of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido Reno, covered with glass, and in an embossed frame heavily enamelled with gold, revealing a young face of great beauty and large, soft, lustrous eyes, that look at you with an appealing, sidelong glance—whose fate has touched the hearts of all sympathetic persons who, in after ages, have read her history. This fine, well-preserved portrait is one of the art treasures of the world. I made a special trip to see it to-day. Near by are the lineaments of her young mother and the strong face of her step-mother, who led her in the parricide. This gallery is enriched by paintings, original, by Titian, Raphael, Claude Lorraine, Albrecht Durur, Gætano and Andreas Del Sarto. Some masterly portraits of the Barberini still adorn the four upper rooms of the old mansion, from which the last of the family exiled themselves, being reduced to poverty.

Near Pincian Hill to-day I passed and gazed with interest at the villa of the Medici (Doctors). Spain, England, France, Austria, all have their noble families tracing their ancestors back to the Middle Ages. Yet the Medici were themselves the ancestors of kings and princes, were popes and cardinals, and excelled them all in personal dignity, haughty bearing and intense pride of race. The famous Catherine De Medici, of this house, was the mother of Louis XIII, King of France, and instigated that gloomy ascetic monster to the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's fated night, a picture of which hangs in the Vatican, with a legend of derision for the Huguenots, now erased in compliance with a sense of decency toward Protestants even in this intensely Roman Catholic city. Truly does the spirit of the age advance and improve. Ancient reliefs are built into the walls of the tastefully decorated garden facade of the villa. This property, too, has passed into the hands of the State from the impoverished Medici.

Villa Borghese, surrounded by an estate of many broad acres, was founded near 1620 by Cardinal Scipio Borghese, nephew of Pius V, and the grounds of the Giustimani gardens were afterwards taken in. The once magnificent salon still contains many masterpieces of statuary: Appollo and Daphne, life size Pentelican marble, pleasing me most; the masterpiece Pauline Borghese, as Venus, reclining, by Canova, is much admired. Napoleon, during his ten years of power in Rome, was proud to be connected by marriage with the Borghesi. They, too, are bereft of wealth, their property having passed from the last owner, Prince Don Paolo Borghese, into public hands.

The fate of these three noble families is a sad commentary upon the mutations of human affairs and attests the truth of the moral contained in the revolutions of the wheel of fortune, the emblem of the pagan Temple of Fortune, first erected in this very city of Rome. The princes of Piedemonte and the house of Savoy, new nobles, deeply scorned by the old, now adorn the royal court of Victor Emanuel.

FLORENCE

FLORENCE, Italy, Thursday, May 1st.

Early this morning I arose from my comfortable bed in Pension Beloit, No. 13 Serristori, facing north on the south side of the River Arno, a most aristocratic quarter, inhabited by tony tourists, chiefly English, German and American ladies. After kodaking the Italian landlady in the view of the sunlit facade of the hotel, I took a red car for the Heights of "Piazzale Michaelangelo". Arriving there while the sun was only half way up the eastern sky, I had a splendid bird's-eye view of Florence, affectionately called "Firenze" by the proud Florentines. Below me ran the swift-flowing yellow Arno, taking its rise in the azure-hued Appenines to the right and emptying into the Mediterranean Sea, between Lucca and the Island of Elba, the second island residence of Napoleon I. In its course through the city it stops to turn turbine wheels, energizing dynamos, supplying the city with electric power and arc and incandescent lights. I can see that its five hundred feet of width is spanned by five fine stone arched bridges, Ponte De Perro, Ponte alle Carria, Ponte Vecchio—this bridge covered with jewelers' and goldsmiths' shops, above running a gallery leading from Palazzo Pitti to Uffizi gallery. The river is also spanned below this bridge by Ponte Allegrazio, over which I repeatedly passed, Ponte Trinita and Ponte Rospego.

One morning, in going on my way to Palazzo Pitti, I accosted a workman in a blouse, who sharpened his knife as he walked along by pressing it to the smooth blocks of Travertine stone that cover the parapet guarding the stone-walled Arno, and had him sharpen in a similar manner my four-bladed penknife, bought by me from a Mahometan on the Rhamanieh, to replace the one filched by the dragoman that "held me up" on the pyramid of Cheops. The Florentine workman, in response to my question, knew of the fate of the Florentine Savonarola, but did not commiserate it.

I can see before me in the morning sun that Piazza della Signoria, the nucleus of the old city, before which stands the square, rough rock-faced mediæval Palazzo Vecchio, with its high square tower, and Campanile, over whose lion-guarded front door I read the vaunting inscription,

"Rex regum et dominus domantium"; whose embattled cornice is still decorated by numerous shields and arms of the republic, which the present kingly government has wisely refrained from pulling down. The bell in its square tower was used for calling the people together in public meeting. Here in this square, before this venerable old pile, perished by hanging and by fire, in the latter end of the Fifteenth century, that brave, pious and patriotic Dominican Friar, Girolani à Savonarola, above mentioned, the original picture of whose aquiline and determined face I saw yesterday in the Uffizi gallery, a copy of which I have. He was the first Protestant and the Italian Martin Luther. His face sanctifies this proud city of the vanished Medicis, and overshadows their fame.

The center of new Florence is the church called the Duomo Metropolitana, commenced in the Thirteenth century, of gigantic proportions, covered outside entirely with white and black marble, giving it a domino effect, dark and undecorated inside. It has fine bronze doors, admired by Michaelangelo. I can see looming up the square, high, detached bell tower, due to the genius of Giotto, which I think is the fine thing of the Duomo. I can see the Palazzo Pitti, rough stone exterior, whose interior is hung with masterpieces of Vandyke, Titian, Rubens, Del Sarto, Velasquez, Rembrandt, Claude Lorraine and Michael Angelo, the very jewel being the Madonna Della Segglia of Raphael. Into one gallery in the Palazza Uffizi, called the Tribune, are crowded, as I saw, thirty-seven paintings and six statues worth their weight in fine gold.

Impossible would it be for me to do justice in a monograph to this Athens of Italy, the beloved of Dante; the seat of the Guelph and Ghibbeline wars; the place where Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived and wrote—her house and grave are still shown; whose environs were the marches of old Roman imperial legions, and of Hannibal, once the terror of Rome and the invading Goths, Huns and Vandals. Its magnificent facades and priceless treasures of art so well guarded will long survive to adorn, instruct and humanize the world.



GETHSEMANE, MOUNT OLIVE; A MODERN JUDAS.

VENICE: ITS INCEPTION, MAGNIFICENCE
AND DECAY

VENICE, May 9th.

The chambered sea nautilus is a marine mollusc, building first a small cell for its soft body; later and progressively larger and larger chambers, as it crawls from one to another—according to Louis Agassiz.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Oliver Wendell Holmes' "The Chambered Nautilus".

This same gauntlet, which I lay down in obeisance to fair Christian Venezia, I cast in thy teeth, oh, infidel Saladin.—King Richard in the Song of the Troubadour.

A six hours' ride from Florence, through forty tunnels, more or less, in a second-class coach, in company with Director Wehrenberg and his new wife; Sr. E. Du Cane, of 10 Portman Square, London; Mrs. D. S. Buest, of 22 Palmyra avenue, Brighton, England, daughter and friend, who became friendly in time and at lunch extended mutual courtesies, brought the train in over a long pile-supported bridge to the Ferro Via Stazione at the head of the Grand Canal in Venice. Not the unsoliciting gondoliers nor their black gondolas brought me to Quai Schiavoni, but a screw propeller ferry carried me swiftly around the big "S" of the canal to the Hotel Metropole. In succession I applied to Hotel Danieli, Hotel Metropole and others on this broad quay; they were all full. Finally, under the Clock Tower in the Capello Nero, I secured room 37 on the first floor, on the European plan, where I had hot water, electric lights, warm blankets, featherbed covers (I slept like a silkworm balled up in a cocoon) and good attendance for two and one-half lira; greeted every morning when I awoke by a sweetfaced marble Virgin blessing two kneeling figures on the wall opposite in the calle. For days I have threaded these streets, swam in gondolas, traveled on ferries from St. Chiara, the most western landing, to the Casino of the Lido, where the gentle sea waves break upon the sunny beach and where my feet were laved by the salt water as I

gathered brilliant shells and bright pebbles on the shore, and where looking east across the Adriatic beyond my ken was the fairy castle of "Maximilian, the ill-fated", at lovely Miramar.

At the end of my pleasant sojourn, where I met J. Wilson Gordon, sheep rancher from Australia; Mr. and Mrs. Mann, of Portland, Ore. (again); Mrs. D. S. Beust and friend; Mr. H. R. Liddington, of the S. S. Monteagle; Mr. Russell Wilkins, of Brisbane; Dr. J. Howard Knight, scholar, Christian gentleman and hospitable host, his accomplished wife and son Charles, and many other affable and intelligent ladies and gentlemen, tourists, I ascend the three hundred and fifty feet of the gentle four-foot-wide spiral incline, up which in 1797 Napoleon rode on his horse and took a birds-eye view of the many-islanded, amphibious city from the sixteen net-wired windows of the Campanile of St. Marks, —fallen into shapeless ruins the middle of July following— from which eerie I took four photographs of the city. The city has the shape of a mighty "gauntlet" thrown down by some giant crusader; the bracelets on the east made up of the arsenal—Shakespeare's "Sagittary" (Othello)—and the Public Gardens, approachable by land from the Quai Schiavoni; the root of the "Thumb" made up by the Ducal Palace, the Church of St. Marks, the Procuratie Vecchie on the north of the Piazza, the Procuratie Nuovo on the south, the palace built by Napoleon on the west, enclosing a paved court five hundred feet long by an average of two hundred and fifty feet broad—the only Piazza St. Marco—on which I frequently heard a splendid brass band of fifty pieces discourse soul-swelling music from Verdi, Wagner and other composers. In the joints of the gauntlet's "Thumb" are the theatres Fenice, Goldoni, Malibran and Rossini; the Royal Palace, Hotel Victoria and other hotels occupying former palaces of the first "merchant princes" of the world. At the inside base of the typical "Thumb" is the marble Rialto, springing with a single curve across the deep "Alto"—Rio—river; beyond which is the market and the "Venice" of the Merchant Antonio and of Shylock. At the extreme western end, the tip of the "Index Finger" of the alleged gauntlet, is the Hebrew "Nghedah" Ghiotto, where I saw the sockets that barred in the Spanish, Portuguese and

German Jew refugees under the reign of the so-called "Republic", now, happily, of the wretched past. Beyond, on the west from the "Index Finger" of the imaginary glove, extending across the lagoon on many piles, like the feet of a caterpillar, I can see from the Campanile extending the long bridge of the railway connecting Venice with the shore beyond. All this I can see from my perch in the Campanile. Also the roofs, the Café Segretari—for three hundred years have its padrones been pouring out black coffee; the Restoratore Luciani, the Trattoria Allunione in the Rialto, in all of which and many other trattorias I sipped café noir, ate small oysters and fish and partook of many "bifsteaks", roasted ducks and other Bohemian repasts in my devious wanderings. I can look straight down and see on the Piazza the far-famed cafés of Carlo Lavena, Quardi, Florian, Allunione Della Borsa, and Grau Café. Summer nor winter, day nor night, Florian's is never closed. The gilded Venetian youths walk under the corridors or this wonderful Piazza, gossip and sip ices with the ladies and listen to the strains of the band. Here I saw yesterday, erected on three mighty flagstaffs, the gaudy colors of Venetian flags, floating in the breeze in honor of "Ascension" day, and in the basilica of St. Marks were down on their knees five thousand devotees during the mass in celebration of that event, the ascension of our Lord. I can look down upon the five Byzantine domes of that church, which claims the remains of Mark the Evangelist, the patron saint of this island city; I can see on the porch of its facade, recessed with five splendid doors, enriched by one acre of pictured mosaics, the four copper rearing horses, weighing many tons, taken by the Emperor Constantine to Constantinople, captured by the warlike doge, the blind Enrico Dandolo, brought to Venice, taken hence by Napoleon in 1797, returned after his abdication in 1815. I can see at the top of the column, facing the broad lagoon and looking east, the Lion, typical of the warrior city of commerce, furnishing the nucleus of that naval armament resulting in the signal victory of Lepante, A. D. 1561;—that Lion, with wings of gold outstretched to fly to that East whence came its golden merchandise. I can see that formerly deep harbor, now being annually dredged, sheltering its old-time flotilla of three

hundred and thirty sailing vessels, whence four times a year issued fleets to the four quarters of the known world, to gather in that commerce of which it had a monopoly for five hundred years, resulting in riches beyond the dreams of Johnsonian avarice—the squandering of which in brocaded garments, laces, palaces, tournaments, fests, carnivals, finally brought that effeminacy resulting in the decay of this once splendid metropolis, after Columbus of Genoa, its hated rival, had given to Ferdinand and Isabel a new world—mainly instigated by that marvelous and fruitful book of Marco Polo (here born, whose house I saw), recounting his travels in Cipango Cathay and the fabulously rich Eastern world.

Venice never was a true republic. The doge was the executive president of a council, composing a self-reëlecting oligarchy existing for strictly business purposes, and who crushed all recalcitrants with stone cells and torture, which I saw in the ducal palace below me. It was an iron-handed despotism, one of the most relentless that ever existed upon earth.

The hotels on the Grand Canal are palatial and magnificent, and the art of glass-blowing has reached a high state in Venice.

AN IDYLL OF VENICE

Written May 7, Capello Nero, Venice.

The slope of the Alps and the Appenines in the declivities of Lombardy and Piedemont, as far even as Savoy, are annually swept by alluvial floods from rainfall and the melting of the snows, gathered together in the rivers of the Po and the Adige, carrying down enormous amounts of detritus, gradually spreading over the Gulf of Venice and the northern Adriatic, forming sandbars and reefs parallel to the coast line, only broken at intervals, at Brondolo, Chioggia, Porto Di Lido and Burano, through the necessity of exits for the accumulated waters—this going on throughout the present geological age; the same process, during the same time has been going on in front of Duluth on Lake Superior, along the coasts of Mississippi, Alabama and Florida. So we may say the islands on which Venice is built are the gift of the Po.

At the fall of the Roman Empire, a hardy race of men, for long ages dwellers in the fertile plains of Lombardy, had raised their flocks, had their homes and grown thrifty and happy, not without occasional ventures upon the neighboring islands of the sea. These men called themselves "Veneti", and their chief city "Vicetia", known to the Romans under that name—the ultimate etymology I could not find out; the root "vic" is there, same as in "Vincero".

Repeated raids of barbarian hordes under Attila with his Huns and other savage conquerors, despoiling these peaceful shepherds and farmers of their herds and crops, forced them in despair and anguish to abandon ancestral homesteads and take refuge on the poppy and reed-covered sandbars along the coast, where the raiders would not care to come. The streams from the Po, the Adige and four other smaller rivers had cut channels between the yellow sands. The bone, muscle and brain of these fleeing Etruscans showed its quality in gradually building new homes and achieving prosperity, surrounded by ditches impassable or formidable to the restless invaders who were looking for larger game. They engaged in fishing with small boats, and in adventures to the Littorale and Croatia on the shores across the gulf, and in a small commerce, their vessels gradually growing larger and their trips more extended, till they did all the ferrying of passengers and merchandise across the northern Adriatic, supplying the descendants of their former despoilers with merchandise and transportation till, in the course of a few hundred years, arose that fair Venice like another Venus, from the foam of the sea, resting on her ocean islands and making her toilet under azure skies, fanned and cooled by scented summer zephyrs lasting half of each year.

Whole forests of piles from the Appenines were found necessary to be driven in the shifting sands to make secure foundations of masonry and concrete on which to erect the brick and marble of stately palaces, in time found necessary to satisfy the new luxury of these proud islanders, enriched by an unprecedented commerce gradually extended to all the islands of Greece, Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, and the eastern Mediterranean, Syria, Asia Minor, the Ægean and Black seas, the Sea of Azov, and even through the Overland

Camel Route to Far Cathay, Cipango and China, constituting for a half millenium, in connection with the western seas, the Bay of Biscay and the North Sea, to which they annually sent forth numerous argosies, a commerce and a monopoly unexcelled in the history of the world, making them ocean kings and millionaires to that extent they could erect ten miles of palaces along the Grand Canal, the Riva Degli Schiavoni, the Rii, campuses, calles and piazzas of their enchanted city on the sea, leaving the proud names of Foscari, Balbi, Mocenigo, Pesaro, Faleri, Cabot, Polo, Dandolo, for the admiration of all men in after ages.

Egypt stood mainly for Agriculture in the History of Civilization, Palestine for Religion, Greece for Art, Rome for War and Civil Government, and Venice for Commerce; later, Genoa, Spain and Portugal for Geographical Discovery, and now England and America for Freedom, Toleration and Colonization.

VENICE AGAIN

Capello Nero, R. 37, May 9.

There are thirty-three enumerated churches of importance in this city; of these, in company with Dr. J. Howard Knight, at his invitation, I visited three different times in gondolas the Frari, Gesuiti, Madonna Dell Orto, S. Giorgio Maggiori, SS. Giovanni e Paolo, S. Juliano, S. Maria Della Salute and S. Maria Formosa. The external front of each is enriched with marble statues of the Saviour, the Apostles, the Virgin and the Saints; the interior decorated in the same manner and in addition with paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, Raphael, Michaelangelo. Leonardo, Da Vinci, Vandyke and other masters. Many of these temples are one thousand years old. The marbles and paintings have been minutely described by George Elliot, Ruskin, W. D. Howells and other critics. I have read Ruskin and Howells and believe they aim to be just. They censure as well as praise. The religious services, the incense, the ministrations and the decorations have for ages been of great service to the people of this city, as object lessons, to teach them what they would otherwise never have known in an age when they could not read or write, and have served a most

useful, beneficial and commendable purpose. The Catholic faith prevails, never abjectly servile to Rome, however.

St. Mark's has five domes, numerous minarets, and shows evidence of the Byzantian influence in the development of this city, as do the geometrical designs and repetitions of the same arabasque columns and figures in the Ducal Palace. Their repetition has the emphasis accomplished by the chorus in an opera. It is highly pleasing and artistic.

This palace and its sumptuous halls, to my mind, fully reveal all the grandeur and dignity claimed for them in the past. State criminals may never have passed over the Bridge of Sighs, as claimed by Byron, yet Marino Faliero was imprisoned here in a casement rivaling the dungeons of the Petrapavolusk in St. Petersburg, and was for treason beheaded in a stone gallery, his blood running down through holes cut in the stone floor and dyeing red the blue water of the canal under the Bridge of Sighs. I was in the cell and subsequently verified the history. Giacomo Foscari, the son of Francesco Foscari, at the time Doge, for the alleged receiving of presents from foreign princes, was unjustly imprisoned and banished and died in exile in Candia. His old father was ignominiously forced to resign, and died of a broken heart.

The streets of this city are all smooth blocks of limestone, on one grade—just above high tide—the bridges precisely high enough to permit gondoliers, standing erect, to pass under. The floors of all churches and houses are of stone mosaic with white and black marble, resembling, in effect, dark colored fruit cake; the main walls are soft, hand-made, insufficiently burnt, crumbly brick. The exterior walls are stucco, stained a yellow streaked hue by the rain and the weather. There is no smoke, because no fire. Braziers and charcoal are used for cooking. The people suffer in winter from prolonged cold;—I can imagine how severely by the chill blasts and rain driven through the streets, calles and canals to-day by a fierce wind from the Adriatic. The broad canal has white caps and a blue tint to-day (May 9) like the open sea. The canals are being cleansed by the currents rushing through them like a millrace. Many palace doorsteps are flooded. There is no dust here; no wheels of any kind for transportation, except miles below at the

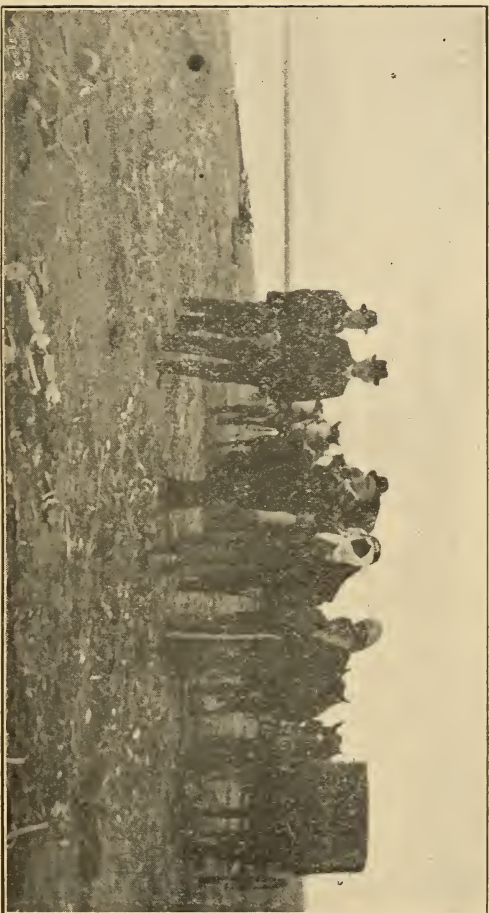
Lido. The family life of the people is in the cafès and the trattorias, where they eat very sparingly, every lump of sugar and drop of coffee almost being counted. The mass of the people are distressingly impoverished. The hotels have electric lights and water brought in under the canal bridges by pipes from the Appenines. The trade of the city dwindles year by year. There is a diminishing commerce. The population is one hundred and sixty-eight thousand. The city has survived itself. If any wealth exists, the Jews and the lace and glass manufacturers have it. The tourists are their harvest. Yet to me, this city is unique, piques the imagination by its wonderful Past, and will always be fascinating to the tourist. It is to be hoped that the lace, glass, jewelry and other manufactories will have a tendency to revive its ancient glories as an art center.

Venice is the shell of a chambered nautilus.

MILAN, ST. GOTHARD, LUCERNE

May 12th.

From Venice to Milan the railroad passes on a trestle over two miles long, on two hundred and twenty-two arches, as level as the sea,—a fine work, costing over a million dollars; thence through a fertile region, past Verona, made famous by Shakespeare's ill-fated lovers, Romeo and Juliet, entering Milan, the Mediolanum of the Romans, the original location of which, strange to say, was evidently not dictated by strategic considerations. It is a city of great commercial importance; population three hundred thousand. I viewed it from the dome of the cathedral; it seemed to be in an amphitheater formed by the Alps and the Appenines, making nearly a snowy circle around it. I could see below me the roof of the old church of St. Ambrose, where so many kings were crowned with the sacred and historic iron crown of Lombardy, it having pressed the brows of Charlemagne and Napoleon I. The iron is said to be some of the nails from the true cross woven into the gold circlet. In another direction I could see the spire of S. Maria delle Grazie, an old abby church. Near by is the refectory containing on the perspective wall, at the end, the Last Supper, the masterpiece of Leonardo Da Vinci,—a fresco, much



THE AUTHOR'S CARAVAN ON THE SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA.

damaged by dampness and scaling off, yet each face is a portrait, and a wonderful air of dramatic action, verity and sanctity pervades it. I could see from the roof, in the distance, at the end of the Public Garden, on the road leading to Simplon, the Arco della Pace, commenced by Napoleon in 1807, and not completed till after his fall. A subsequent near view impressed me with it as the finest monument of the kind I had seen. The cathedral below me, five hundred feet long, three hundred feet wide, central spire three hundred and sixty feet high, with its two thousand statues and pinnacles, a Gothic structure half a thousand years old—begun by Visconti as a penance for a crime—is a flawless masterpiece, inside and out. Looked at with the naked eye or through either end of a field glass, its proportions are in perfect harmony and symmetry.

The railroad from Milan north passes, at Chiasso, into Switzerland, past romantic Lake Como, through ten miles of St. Gothard tunnel, to Flüelen, where I took boat across twenty-three miles of Lake Lucerne, hallowed by memories of Arnold Winkelried and legends patriotic of William Tell, immortalized by Thorwaldsen's stone lion, commemorating the brave Swiss guard of the Tuileries.

LUCERNE, TELL, PROF. WYSARD, SCHAFFHAUSEN, STUTTGART

May 13th.

At Chiasso, the frontier town of Italy adjoining Switzerland, I made the acquaintance of Rev. A. Wysard, of 184 The Grove, London—(we exchanged cards, his bore this legend)—his genial and instructive companionship extending even to Lucerne, where he pointed out the Hotel du Lac to me, which proved to be an excellent hostelry. Mr. Wysard and I raised up the little table in the second-class compartment on the cars—(I have noticed that many first-class people ride in this division); we placed thereon our hard-boiled eggs, bread, cake, and he his Vin Ordinaire. A sweet-faced young American girl, whose luggage I had placed for her on the wire shelf, gave us a cake of fresh butter from her store (a Venetian padrone would easily have added fifty centimes in the bill for it), with a winning smile;

and so we talked of Prof. Louis Agassiz—whom I personally knew at Cambridge,—of paleontology, of zoology, geology,—grand object lessons of it in these upheaved and inverted strata of the ancient world, before plants and animals appeared to gladden and enliven; of Cæsar, who was assassinated by his countrymen in the senate chamber at Rome; of how, ever since, Italian assassins had sheathed the stiletto in human flesh; had killed the excellent Carnot, President of the French Republic, the Empress of Austria, an inoffensive lady, mingling freely with the common people. "The assassin", he said, "should have been immediately lynched *a la Americano*", and had recently tried to kill his keeper (he is in life confinement), and of the senseless assassination of King Humbert, who was a good man. He talked, also, of Arnold Winkelried gathering to his breast Austrian spears, and of patriotic William Tell, whose chapel on the right bank of Lake Lucerne he eagerly pointed out to me after we took boat at Flüelen, the small but swift sidewheel-steamer Ganymede. In turn he showed me the Denkmal von Schiller, whose name is seen glittering on the Mythenstein above the blue waters of the Urnersee, and who made Tell the hero of his greatest drama, and whom the people of Germany allowed finally to starve. I repeated to his delight some lines from Schiller's "Die Glocken", which came back fresh to my memory where they had lain in the sensitive "emulsion" of the film on the brain till suddenly "developed", forty years after, on the very scene which they commemorated. Prof. Wysard believed faithfully in Tell. I related to him that I had heard a lecture by Prof. John Fiske, in the amphitheater of the Art Hall at St. Louis, the very winter he died, demonstrating Pocahontas' saving of John Smith, true history; but William Tell a pure myth, manufactured out of the vivid imagination of the brave and patriotic Swiss, which, however, the legislature of the Swiss Confederation had solemnly and officially declared to be untrue and not founded on fact—a strange function for a political legislature to perform. Prof. Wysard said I must not repeat that in Lucerne, where all the natives firmly believed in William Tell. He rehearsed for me how Tell refused to bow down to Gessler's hat at Altdorf; the secret arrow that dropped from his unbuttoned

vest, which he frankly said was for the tyrant in case he had killed his son; the wild night on the lake when he was taken prisoner by the Austrian officers; their ignorance and fright, compelling them at last to give the helm to their prisoner, when Tell craftily guided the frail boat to this point, jutting out from Axenburg, leaped ashore, and spurned the frightened crew away with his foot, leaving them to their fate on the dark and angry waters. The Professor suited the action to the word and pushed an imaginary boat with his left foot, jumping high up on his right. He then sang perfectly through every bar of the Swiss Tyrolese Yodel with great expression. We were on the upper deck of the splendid little vessel. He had divided his wine with me. He insisted on showing me how to get rid of five miserable Italian lira which, bearing the discounted image and superscription of "Vittore Emanuele", would not pass anywhere in Helvetia. He found with the stewardess a bottle of unusually sweet and fine flavored wine (Die Wilde Kirche), examined the brand carefully, she being kind enough to take these disgraced lira for the bottle. It was large and we had many pulls at it. It was not as good as some he had previously tasted of the same name.

Well, I had repeated and acted for me on the very lake of the Vierwaldstattersee Uri. Schwiz (etymology from Sweden, whence the first settlers had emigrated one thousand years ago), on Walden and Nid Walden, by a native learned Swiss—my companion, Prof. Wysard—there, as he said, on an annual vacation, the drama of William Tell, with historic Rutli, Brunnen, Beckenreid, Weggis, Witzan and Seelisburg; the deep blue waters of the lake beneath us, the cloudless sky above; the snow-caps in the wild and picturesque mountains of the Hoch Alps, unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty, all around us as the *mise en scene* and stage accessories;—a truly unique and inspiring experience! No wonder the poet Frederick Schiller had left the prosy confines of his undecorated humble room at Stuttgart and come here to saturate his brilliant imagination in the scenes of Vierwaldstattersee, hallowing and enshrining such a patriotic legend! Later, I made a special journey in Stuttgart to find his statue, a noble work by Thorwaldsen, near the famous Stiftskirche, clad in a long cloak and looking

pensively down as if composing, and did not consider one film No. 11 of my carefully husbanded emulsion wasted by limning his grand figure thereon. I was glad to see that in the hurly-burly of twenty thousand of the emperor's well-fed soldiers marching through this proud capital, the people of Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg, had honored in death the poet whom they had unwittingly neglected in life, and that on four sides of the base of his monument hung four fresh wreaths of laurel and immortelles. All honor to the Shakespeare of Germany!

I found much at Lucerne to interest me: In the Tower, from which hung the Lantern (Lux) in Roman times as a beacon, giving the place its name; in the Muhlenbrucke, with the quaint pictures of the Dance of Death, celebrated in Longfellow's Golden Legend; in the swiftly flowing Reuss, that passed out at the lower end of the lake, having collected all the torrents of the St. Gothard (at the mouth of the tunnel of that name at the exit I left the car and took the picture of Prof. Wysard, who was more interesting to me than a Greek chorus, which I shall treasure as a souvenir) and all the waters of the wild mountain gorges in the two hundred miles of broken coast line, being replenished by the Muotta from Canton Schwyz, and at Buochs and Alpnach by the Engelberger Aa and Sarna-Aa from Canton Unterwalden,—all these collected waters, as from a mighty reservoir, flowing northward in the Reuss until they meet the three other rivers of central Switzerland, the Linmat, the Aare and the Rhine, and so flow past many a high tower and castle wall, till they empty into the German ocean.

Leaving this lovely lake and mountain region, the sanitarium of all Europe, I passed out by Schaffhausen and its famous falls, the Black Forest and Stuttgart, where, on the heights of Engenplatz, I overlook this valley-sheltered, ancient city of one hundred and seventy-five thousand people.

FROM STUTTGART TO MAYENCE; DOWN THE RHINE TO COLOGN

Koln, May 15th.

My route northward, starting on May 15th from Lucerne,

took in the towns of Zurich, Egilsav, Schaffhausen, Immen-
dingen, Konstanz, Stuttgart,—where I stopped at the Hotel
Royal and made a short stay, well repaid by rest and my
acquaintance in this ancient city. From Stuttgart, starting
at 5:55 a. m., with a well prepared lunch, not having time
for a good breakfast, I passed by Ludwigsburg, Mannheim,
and famous Heidelberg, of the old castle, the big tun and
the university renowned for its duelling students, who think
the autographs written on their cheeks by the rapiers of
their opponents so many tokens of honor. I remembered
me pleasantly of our own brave, patriotic and learned fel-
low citizen of St. Louis, Mr. E. F. Bautzer, whose education
was received here. Thence past Mannheim, Worms and
Darmstadt to Mayence, where the river Main, having passed
by the ancient free city of Frankfort, pours its volume of
water into the Rhine. The lovely country traveled through
showed everywhere a cultivation to the finest detail; no
acres wasted by unsightly fences; the lichen-covered tiled
roofs of the quaint sharp-gabled houses of the farmers are
in clusters with a church peeping out from the center; the
fields of early spring were green except where being plowed;
the landscape diversified by many geometrical squares of
the bright yellow mustard, being a volunteer growing wild
in many places. Leaving Mayence at 1:30 p. m., same
day, on the splendid sidewheel steamer Lohengrin, I passed
down the Rhine to Cologne, the “*Colonia Agrippensis*”,
from the first century of the Romans.

I had a comfortable cushioned seat in the enclosed cabin
of the upper deck, with a topographical map of the river
spread out before me, used to identify the important points
as we steamed by, assisted by three other travelers, each
with different charts of the same region, and especially by
the learned Prof. Daniel Joel, of Hamburg. I saw soon on
my right Biebrich, with its ducal palace. Not far inland is
Wiesbaden, where I am told the Emperor William now is,
about whom the people here speak guardedly or not at all.
Prof. Joel commented on the present prosperity of this land,
but said it was not owing to the millions exacted from
France in 1871, which he bitterly denounced as “devil’s
money”. He was a fine looking, blue-eyed young German;
said he was not married—it required money—and called my

attention to four evidently recently married couples in the cabin, studying each others' interesting countenances instead of the passing landscape.

On the east bank, half way up the Niederwald, I saw a colossal statue of Germania, thirty-three feet high, with face toward vanquished France, erected to commemorate the victories of 1870-1871. I saw in Stuttgart, in Mayence and in many other places, numerous "denkmals" of this, to them, glorious era. The marching platoons of soldiers, mostly lusty young men, are much in evidence; even the school children who gathered around my kodak, while I was taking a cathedral at Koln, had printed bands on their little caps, showing the nascent military divisions in which they are enrolled. Present conditions holding, "Frankreich" will never successfully avenge '70-'71. Woe be to that nation that locks horns and joins battle with the land army of four millions of the German Emperor! Everywhere the officers are in the cars and on the streets with flawless uniforms, tightly buttoned up with rows of shining gilt buttons and with a dauntless, preoccupied air of importance, the observed of all observers! From my contact with the people here, my opinion of their probity, honor, intelligence and industry is enhanced. I saw only one beggar as I came out of the "Elephant" "restauration" in Stuttgart.

On the west bank we passed lovely "Bingen on the Rhine", about which, when I was a boy, I recited a pensive piece of poetry. On the right the castle of Ehrenfels in ruins. I saw the round tower of Bishop Hatto, described in a book I own of "Mediæval Myths". In a time of famine the avaricious bishop hoarded grain in this tower from the starving people, and met well-merited punishment by being gnawed by legions of mice. The castles of Rheinstein, Falkenburg, Sarneck, Heimburg, all on the west side, have been restored and, from the draped windows, are apparently occupied. Gutenfels schloss, opposite Bacharach, is still in ruins. Lorleyfels, below on the right, with jutting crags and legends of enticing maidens, arrests the attention; then come in succession on the right and left, Maus, Sterrenberg and Liebenstein, castles still in ruins, the castles of Liebeneck and Stolzenfels, till we reach Coblenz—the "Confluentia" of the Romans—on a promontory formed by

the inflowing Moselle river. Below the castle of Lahneck, on the right and opposite Coblenz, is the strong fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, a strategic eminence of great importance. Still further below are Krieges-schule, Kraberg, Hammerstein, Rheineck, Argenfels. Below Rolandsneck, on the left, the view widens out. We see on the right Grafenwerth, Nonnenwerth, the famous Drachenfels, of the legendary dragon, and the far distant range of the Siebengebirge.

Night closed in, and the view was shut out by overspreading darkness. I became chilled and cold, and was glad, at 10 p. m., to reach the shelter of a comfortable hotel at Koln, where, after a warm foot and knee bath, soon snugly ensconced between warm blankets, under feather beds, and fenced in by pillows, I slept till eight next morning, when I rose and, after a hearty German breakfast, explored the roofs and ascended the spires of the Gothic Cathedral of Cologne, of which later.

COLN

Written May 16th.

The spires of Cologne Cathedral are so high that I was compelled to retreat to a distance in the adjacent streets to get the front facade and the side view in the finder of my kodak. Bright-eyed German school boys, incipient soldiers of the emperor, with bands on their caps indicating the company and military division they belonged to in the academy, crowded around me, peering into the mysterious lens to find the image. A near-by cabby cuffed them and forced them back. After I took the main spire by standing on the pavement near by and pointing up almost perpendicularly, I called these intelligent little fellows to me, showed them their faces in the small lens, and satisfied their curiosity; meanwhile I smiled apologetically to friendly cocher. Mounting the highest tower by three spiral flights, I took two views of the far reaches of the Rhine, spanned by a fine railroad bridge, and from this pinnacle I look down upon the Church of St. Ursula, thirteen hundred years old, which I visited to see the famed relics of eleven thousand virgins massacred by Attila and his Huns, as alleged,—pagans destroying women in a convent because they were

Christians, thus making martyrs of them. I had gone across the street to No. 1 or 24, to find the sacristan, as directed. This intelligent gentleman came, unlocked many doors, and pointed out in the walls, in the ceiling, in urns, in brass modeled heads, in glass cases, all around the church, human bones that must have formed the skeletons of at least eleven thousand human beings. He could not satisfactorily explain to me why even the savage pagan Attila should wantonly destroy so many innocent virgins. He shook his head and simply said they were "martyrs". My diagnosis of this collection of bones is that they are the accumulations of many years' burials of the saints in monasteries and convents of the time, both men and women, who had died natural deaths, and had been resurrected in the change of buildings, including, may be, one hundred whom the Huns had slain, as the skull wounds of some indicated. An ancient vase is shown here used by the Saviour, the sacristan said, in the miracle at Cana of turning water into wine. It certainly looked old enough.

Descending the cathedral towers, I again passed into the interior to take a last look at the richly stained windows. The spires are the tallest in the world, and more than five millions have been spent in restorations.

Every corner has the "finest cologne". Of course I bought a bottle.

I saw near the Church of St. Ursula the house in which the haughty and imperious Mary De Medici died in retreat after her lifelong duel with the crafty Cardinal Richelieu, in which she came out a loser.

WATERLOO

Written May 17th at Belle Alliance.

To-day, May 17th, eighty-seven years after, I stand upon the battlefield known as "Waterloo" (waterless) by the English world, "La Belle Alliance" by the French and "Braine l'Alleud" by the German, because their dispatches were dated from these respective points. I have already visited the farm house La Haye Sainte, standing between the contesting armies, going even into the immense heavy-raftered attic, where the grandfather, as he said, of the

present occupant—who wrote his name, “Charles Duwassè”, in my book—took his pigs, his chickens and his family for safety, and remained there the whole of June the 18th, during the fierce canonading, unharmed—at least so the historians say. Also I visited the chateau of “Hougomont” or “De Goumon”. In the car from Brussels to Braine l’Alleud, Amelia Wicaussè, born and living at Braine l’Alleud, was a veritable and enthusiastic encyclopædia of facts about the battle, and emphatically claimed that the Lion on the Mound was a “Belgic” lion—the lion looks toward France, its paw raised; that the mound was erected seven years after by the Prince of Orange, peasant women carrying the dirt in baskets from the hill through which ran the sunken road of Ohain, which, according to Victor Hugo, “ditched” the French cavalry in their charge, the momentum crushing themselves instead of the intended allies. The sides of this road are now leveled. Years after, when Wellington visited the spot, he exclaimed, “They have changed my battlefield!” I had a fine lunch of sweet milk, sweet bread and sweet butter, by a bright fire—a rarity in Europe—in this cabaret of Belle Alliance, and looked out of the windows on this “Mound of the Lion”, and now the peaceful green fields of spring wheat, the inn kept by the widow of Julien Person, who claims she is the granddaughter of the owner and habitant of this house in 1815. Pierre Joseph Nicassè, Guide Official No. 3, who also claims he is a descendant of the family Person living here in 1815, wound up an enormous music box, as big as a piano, during my repast, causing it to play in succession “God Save the King”, “Wacht am Rhein” and the soul-stirring “Marseilles Hymn”, he dancing meanwhile and his eyes glistening with delight. Indeed, he detailed all the movements of the armies for me, showed me the holes made by the musket and cannon balls in the various houses, and at Hougomont pointed out in the chapel where a French soldier had, with his bayonet, splintered off the nose of the wooden Virgin, carved by Van Rysewick of Antwerp, also the leg of the wooden Christ, now repaired by plaster, hanging over the door, protected by a heavy wire screen; and showed the deep well in the yard into which three hundred dead soldiers of four nations had been thrown for

burial—leveled now with dirt to the top. He took the skull and jawbone of a French grenadier from the mantel in the Belle Alliance cabaret, fitted them together, poked his finger in the hole made by a bullet, and juggled them up familiarly like the grave-digger in the play when he shows the skull of "Yorick" in Hamlet. Also, he took the skull of a horse—a relic of the battle—under his arm. Alas, poor horse! who is compelled to take part, unwillingly, in all the fierce contests of contentious mankind! Some of Marshal Ney's horses were found after the battle with English bayonets thrust clear through their bodies—this when their French riders charged upon the immovable English, Scotch and Irish crouching squares. Amelia Wicaussè, Jean Joseph Nicassè, the widow of Julien Person of Belle Alliance, Charles Duwassè of La Haye Sainte, and the occupant of Hougomont, fairly quivered with excitement as they referred to the different incidents in the memorable fight: to Wellington's "Up, guards, and at 'em", to Napoleon's "Tout perdu", "Sauve que peut". The air of this Arcadian scene still vibrates with the echoes of the shock of one hundred and twenty thousand embattled soldiers "whose good swords are rust, whose bones are dust, and whose souls are with the saints, I trust". Victor Hugo came here and spent a season, reading all the "French" accounts of the conflict, from Jomini's down, which he properly placed in the *Les Misérables*, a book of fiction. He says of the French cavalry, "They were gigantic men on colossal horses", a Homeric line truly, good poetry, but not verified by the facts. The French skulls of men and horses I saw were below the average size. He refers to the rain-soaked field, a false peasant guide who said "there was no sunken road at Ohain"; the failure of Grouchy to "come up"; the fact that Blucher with his thirty thousand Prussians did come up in time; the waste of time in taking and retaking Hougomont; the mistake of the French in thinking the red brick walls were English infantry instead of the walls of the Chateau of Hougomont. I remember well in 1862, when his famous book was widely read, the London Times significantly asked him, Hugo, to explain Poitiers, Cressy, Agincourt—all won by Englishmen on French soil over Frenchmen. The truth is, brave as were the French at

Waterloo, English, Irish and Scotch bone, brawn and brain outclassed them. Napoleon's plans were perfect; his artillery, cavalry and infantry outnumbered the English, Irish, Scotch, Belgians and Prussians; he fought the battle well; was confident of victory and rubbed his hands with glee when he saw the enemy come to a "stand". Yet he himself said of the Scotch cavalry, "How those white horsemen do ride!" Later, when his own cavalry got beyond the immovable allied squares, that "they are all mixed up". Think, rather, of the antecedents of this last fight of the Corsican. He landed at Frejus empty-handed, an escaped prisoner from Elba, under a ban, without a sou, without a soldier, without a friend, without a base, without a government, with the whole of allied and royal Europe against him. He went to Paris, won over Ney, who, on the way had threatened to bring him back in an iron cage (that splendid marshal so basely murdered afterwards by the restored Bourbons). He, Napoleon, organized the civil, political, financial, diplomatic and military departments of France; marched rapidly with an army hastily gotten together of many youthful recruits, undrilled and unskilled, and fought a pitched battle with veteran commanders and seasoned soldiers on their own soil beyond his frontier, all in one hundred days, the echoes of which still resound throughout the civilized world! and which, though ending in a way that has made "Waterloo" synonymous with irretrievable defeat, yet to my mind does not tarnish the lustre of Toulon, Lodi, Montenotte, The Pyramids, Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, Jena, Auerstadt or Friedland.

Mirabeau, in 1789, started the ball to rolling in the first convention. After him the dauntless Danton took up the cause of liberty, equality and fraternity. When he was guillotined, his successor on horseback, Napoleon, marched into every capital in Europe, overthrowing despotisms hoary with age; and his work remains to-day to benefit mankind, spite of Waterloo.

BRUSSELS—ANTWERP—MALINES

Hotel Terminus, Brussels, May 18th.

May 15th, at 7:55 a. m., I left Coln and arrived at

Brussels at 3 p. m., after a ride through a highly cultivated and picturesque country.

Brussels Cathedral is a magnificent pile, nearly one thousand years old, time-stained and dingy, with rich glass windows; this, the Palais de Justice and the Hotel de Ville loom up before the gaze of the beholder at a distance from the city above the level line of houses into great prominence. At night I heard excellent singing and instrumental music in the Palais D'Ete, and another night in Victoria Hall. From Brussels forty-five minutes ride took me to Braine l'Alleud, from which I visited the field of Waterloo. In the chapel at Hougomont and enclosure will be held, this June 18th, a historical commemorative service by an English society. I returned to Brussels and went north to Antwerp, passing Malines and its eight-hundred-year-old cathedral, with its high tower still unfinished. The etymology of Ant-werp (hand-thrown) has many singular and incredible explanations. The city has a quarter of a million people, fine stone quays, many canals, is the seaport of Belgium, is now enjoying a commerce similar to that piled up on the wharves of the Quai Schiavoni at Venice during the five hundred years terminating in the voyage of Columbus, and is the northern Venice. I scooped up in my hand, while swimming in a gondola, and tasted the salt water of the Lagoon and the Grand Canal at Venice. At the end of my route northwardly I dipped the soles of my shoes in the brine of the German Ocean at thrifty Antwerp. French, German and Dutch are spoken here. The streets near the cathedral (Gothic) are so narrow I could not get the tall spire to fit in the finder of my kodak. The masterpiece of Rubens, the Descent from the Cross, hangs in the transept. The stained glass of the lofty windows rejoices the eye. The wood carvings of the pulpit and partitions stand in bold relief of human figures. Outside, near the front, an old well with artistic wrought iron canopy is worthy of admiration. I noticed on the shops and restaurants many quaint names of the Vans: Van Der Eycken, Van der Vetter, Van Rysewyk, Van D'Eyck, Van Dyck, Van der Arbeid and F. Van Rysvelt, whom I met, with the large white teeth and the smile of our "Theodore," whom he claimed for a cousin.

SYRIA, EGYPT AND CONTINENTAL EUROPE

Hotel du Nil, Paris, May 22d.

In the scheme of the world's highest civilization, Haifa, Tyre and Sidon stand for ancient commerce, and as the landing places of the Crusaders; Arabia, for the invention of numerals, algebra and letters; Cairo for the pyramids, the Sphynx, the Tombs of the Sacred Bulls, its buried city of Memphis; Jerusalem, the seat of the ancient Jewish hierarchy and the scenes in the life of Jesus, the great Exemplar; Alexandria for its Pharos and Library; Byzantium for the seat of the Western Empire and, as "Constantinople", for the Moslem regime, mosques and minarets; Athens for all the plastic arts, drama and poetry; the Eastern Mediterranean, the Ægean Sea, the Bosphorus, the Sea of Azov and the Adriatic, as the highway of ancient and mediæval commerce; Imperial Rome for military, civil government and law; Venice for the invention of banks, commercial paper and mediæval commerce; Mediæval and Modern Rome for religion—Christianity, in its four hundred and fifty churches of classic architecture and domes; Naples for its buried and resurrected city, Pompeii, its Vesuvius, its museum and aquarium; Florence for its Patti and Uffizzi palaces and galleries: Milan, Strasbourg, Cologne, Brussels, Malines, Antwerp and Mediæval Paris for their matchless Gothic cathedrals; Heidelberg, Stuttgart and Bonn for their universities of learning; Modern Paris for painting, architecture, the beaux arts, gayety and romance. Such are the Orient and Continental Europe "as I have seen them".

PARIS

May 25th.

Sunday, May 18th, I left Brussels at 8:58 a. m., and arrived in Paris at 6 p. m., entertained en route by the conversation of F. Summerfield Tew, a young English merchant of "Confections" (fine clothing) for dames and enfants. Jules Muller, of Liege, of a German father and French mother, a cotton manufacturer, gave me his card. He said he naturally loved both Allemain and Frenchmen,

and tried all he could to smooth over old animosities. At Copenhagen a typical pair "Armand" and "Camille", as it were, stepped out of Alexander Dumas' wonderful love story and seated themselves in the second-class compartment directly opposite me. She filled a small space with Pinaud's delicate carnation perfume, stood up twisting her fragile figure spirally to shuffle off an embroidered opera robe, which she reached up to place on the wire rack above, presently taking it down again and coquettishly untwisting her lythe form in the opposite direction, showing off, as Sapho did to Jean, all the perfections of her charms. Then she looked languishingly upon "Armand", who promptly leaned his curly head upon her fine shoulder. In a changeful mood she tapped him on the ear and murmured something softly in Parisian French. These loving dramatics were kept up to and for my edification as we flew for miles past quaint French villages, I looking out the window, but such is the range of the periscopic human eye that they came in to the retina as side rays. Being very tired, my eyes kept constantly closing until the train pulled into Gare de Lion, with me crumpled up in the corner of the uncomfortable coach so fast asleep that "Armand" was compelled to shake me awake, much to the disgust of "Camille", all of whose coquettries had thus been lost upon me. In a very few minutes I was snugly ensconced in a soft warm bed in the 1st Etage of the Hotel du Nil, No. 10 rue Helder, one block from Place de L'Opera, recommended by W. J. Gilliam, of Craydon, England, where I slept till eight next morning, rivaling the sweet unconsciousness of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus.

After "eggs, pain and café complete" I sallied out to the Tourists' office and proceeded to mount omnibusses and take in the city, to me apparently indigestible—the habitation of nearly three millions of people, and two thousand years in growing from the Cite of the Isle of Paris to a circumference of thirty miles—as Von Moltke discovered when he invested it with his German Legions in 1870-71.

I went first to the Madeleine; then by 'bus to the Place of the Bastile. It was a mistake to tear this down; it could have been dismantled of its guns. The English kept their Tower of London, built in the same age, and now ranking

with Westminster and St. Paul's as a drawing attraction for tourists. I passed thence through the Place of Concorde, over the Seine, to the Eiffel Tower; thence to the Triumphal Arch, to Pere Lachaise; thence down to the pier by the Bridge of Alexander—taking a small swift steamer and going up and down under all the bridges: the Ponts Berri, Austerlitz, Sully, Tournelle, Neuf, Des Arts, Carrousal, Royal, Solferino, La Concorde, Des Invalides, de L'Alma, Passy, Gunnelle, and, finally coming ashore, by 'bus to the Place L'Opera, and so home. The bridges are all graceful, strong, ornamental, historical and many marked with a large "N" blown in the bottle, so to speak, so "coal oil" communists could not erase. This method I repeated with compass in hand, an occasional glance at a pocket map and a little gratuity to the garrulous cocher, so that I finally got my bearings and could find any desired place at night, even Folies Bergere, Olympia, Marigny, or any theater or public place. I afterwards made three set tours under a guide and accomplished much intelligent sight-seeing in a short time. Thus, on a Monday I went to the Madeleine Church: fine interior, style of the Parthenon at Athens; a long vista through the Rue Royal shows the facade of the French Chamber of Deputies. The French topographers, engineers and architects, Baron Hausman, Louis Phillipe and Third Napoleon were past masters in the art of arranging magnificent distances with a column, a church, a monument or some historical memorial at either end.

From Place L'Opera, the center of the North City, through Rue De La Paix, the lofty column made of captured Prussian cannon, the togaed figure of Napoleon can be seen. The old statue, with the military overcoat, is now in the north front of the Hotel Des Invalides, where I saw it to-day.

From the Palais du Louvre you can look northwest through the Jardin Des Tuilleries, through the Place of Concorde, past the Egyptian, through the Champs Elysees, the Rond Point, the Avenue, under the noble Arc De Triumphe, through the Avenue La Grande Armée into the Pont de Nully. This vista is the grandest. Now a German engineer laid out unbuilt Washington City, "through swamp and marshes", as Tom Moore, the poet, said in contempt—whereby he lost the glory of a bust in the rotunda of the

American capitol—and our great and beautiful geometrical-avenued city was afterwards built up to it. That the French builders could take old Paris' eighteen hundred years of crooked and twisted lanes and make such an ideal city of it is indeed marvelous. In the early days of 1793 and 1799 the revolutionists had written in inerasable letters four times on the front of noble Notre Dame, "Fraternity, Egalite, Liberte", and many times on public buildings of old Paris. All those buildings they did not destroy they placed upon, this, their trade-mark. Two other words are stamped upon the French heart and show their character: "Grand" and "Gloire". In the grand series of paintings in the Palace of Versailles, from the battle of Tours, fought by Charles Martel, through Francis I, Henry IV, Louis XIV and Napoleon, occurs one, "Yor[c]ktown", where Rochambeau is the central front figure, dictating terms to Lord Cornwallis, our Washington, with shaded face and downcast eyes, standing meekly in the background. How is that for history!

Another fine vista is from the Luxembourg to the Observatory; another from St. Germaine to Gare de L'Ouest; another from Place de Fontenoy, past the Eiffel Tower, to the Trocadero, built under the presidency of McMahon, to commemorate a Spanish victory, and another from the Place de La Republique to the fine Church of St. Eustache.

Rome, built under the Cæsars, had the North Port for a radiating point. From this you could look along through many avenues, even to the Forum. Under the Church and the Pope, the intention was to make San Pietro, beyond the Tiber, the center. Florence has its Duomo for a city center; Venice, San Marco; Milan, the Cathedral; Strasbourg, its Cathedral; so Coln, Antwerp and Malines; finally, Paris, true to its art-nature, has Place L'Opera for a center. At the Place Arc de Triomphe the guide pointed out to me many avenues radiating from this point named after Napoleon's marshals and distinguished men and places: Grande Armeé, Victor Hugo, Kleber, D'Jenna, Marceau, Friedland, Hoche Wagram, McMahon. I visited in turn, through these broad avenues, Palace of Elyseé, Grande and Petit Palais, Champs Elyseés, Palace of Trocadero, the Eiffel Tower, Ecole Invalides and Tomb of Napoleon;—Louis, Lucien and Jerome Bonaparte are also entombed here. A golden light,



BAPTISM OF JAMES M. LORING IN THE RIVER JORDON.

diffused over the colossal image of "The Christ", is an artistic accessory. Vauhan and Turenne, great engineers under Louis XIV, have honored niches; names of battles and captured flags surround the magnificent sarcophagus in the center—a present from Emperor Alexander.

Napoleon First died in exile, Napoleon II poisoned in Vienna, Napoleon III an exile and dethroned at Chiselhurst, the Prince Imperial assaigied in South Africa;—such are the mighty elevations and stupendous reverses of this wonderful race of men.

Later, I passed the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, Palace Bourbon, Chamber Des Deputes, Pont de La Concorde, Palace of Legion of Honour and Palais Royal, stopping for luncheon at Hotel Vidal; then to the Church St. Eustache, with its lovely interior, in Montemartre; the Halles Centrales, Boulevard St. Michel, Les Thermes, Roman ruins, where incorrigible gamins prevented our entrance, Musée de Cluny, Sorbonne, College de France, Arenes de Lutèce, Place de La Bastille, Column of July, Pere Lachaise, Place de La Republique, Grand Boulevarde, Porte St. Martin (old Porte St. Dennis) and to Hotel du Nil—home—for that day.

If the French would pronounce their wonderful language as they spell it, or spell it as pronounced, phonetically, it would be much easier to master. As it was, I made a few words, some signs, a lead pencil and blank paper do good service. Even a hundred nouns and verbs help. They fondly think Paris is the only "cité" and the "Parlez vous" the only lingua, and speak it rapturously, with pride and delight. They call it the language of Love, of Art, of Science, of Glory, and the best in the world.

Tuesday I saw St. Augustine, Parc Monceau, Arc de Triomphe, Bois de Boulogne, the Lakes, Grande Cascade, race course of Long Champ, view of the Citadel of Mont Valerien, town and park of St. Cloud, Montretout, Forest of Ville D'Avray, Avenue de Picardie, Boulevarde de La Reine, Grande Trianon, private apartments of Empress Josephine, Napoleon I, and State carriages, a curious collection of heavy gilded coaches.

After luncheon we visited the Palace, Park and Galleries of Versailles. I stood upon the balcony where Marie Antoinette, with the dauphin, showed herself to the hungry

and angry mob. I stood upon the spot in the front salon, before the Statue of France, where the German king in 1870-71 had his station, looking out of the tall windows down the avenue and Lake of the Mirrors, to receive from all the German Princes and Kingdoms the Imperial Crown. Jena and Auerstadt, 1807-9; Sedan, 1870; a short sixty years. How the Wheel of Military Fortune has revolved! France below; Germany in the Nadir. The irony of revenge and fate!

Later I went through Avenue de Paris, Viroflay, Chaville, Sevres and its porcelain manufactory, Billancourt, fortifications of Paris, viaduct of Auteuil, Palace of the Trocadero, Seine Embankment, Cours La Reine, Place de La Concorde, and again to Hotel Nil, to be refreshed and sleep after so much sight-seeing.

Wednesday at ten I started out and saw the Column Vendome, Rue de Rivoli, Garden of the Tuilleries, Institute of France, Mint, Pont Neuf, statue of Henry IV (he was their best king); Sainte Chapelle, Palace of Injustice, Conciergerie—made historic by imprisonment of Marie Antoinette, Palace and Museum of the Louvre, with its twenty-six miles of paintings and its famous Venus de Milo, a torso of ineffable grace. After luncheon, I saw Place du Carrousal and Triumphal Arch, Ecole des Beaux Arts, St. Sulpice, Boulevard St. Michel, Fontaine de L'Observatoire, statue of the ill-fated Marshal Ney, carpet manufactory of the Gobelins, Pantheon, dedicated to "Aux grande hommes, la patrie reconnaissante"—once erased, then rewritten (now remaining), St. Etienne du Mont, Galleries of the Luxembourg. Italians are the best sculptors, French the best painters. I saw the cathedral of Notre Dame, the chancel, heavily draped for an annual function in commemoration of the dead of 1870-71; Hotel Dieu, Hotel de Ville, Tour St. Jaques, Place du Chatelet and Avenue L'Opera, and so at last home to rest.

Saturday I made up a party of four and, for a total of twenty-eight francs, travelled forty miles to visit Fontainebleau Palais and Forest and return.

I mounted the tower of the Trocadero next day to take a final view of beautiful Paris and to verify all. Thus had I partly viewed this mighty center of art and wealth.

ORIENTAL AND EUROPEAN ROYALTY AND
PAGEANTRY

In Egypt, in Cairo, along the main street, in front of the Grand Continental Hotel, on a bright sunny day in February, I saw the Khedive in an open carriage—a sombre, dark, brown-looking young man, with fez cap—driven rapidly along, accompanied by mounted guards, a mere automaton—Cromer being the *de facto* ruler.

In Beirüt I saw the Governor, heavy set, dark-skinned, with a pensive dignity, pass from the citadel accompanied by a guard of honor.

In Jerusalem, down David into Christian street, passed on foot the splendid French consul, dressed in gold lace, attended by six uniformed guards carrying white wands tipped with gold, quite theatrical. The most dignified man was the Greek Bishop, with a head and front like Jove himself, clad in heavy canonical robes of elaborate brocaded silk, en train, carried by uniformed pages, marching to the strains of sacred music, around and around the Holy Sepulcher, certainly the most imposing spectacle I ever witnessed in or out of a theater. The soldiers of the Sultan, full armed, kept back the throng. Quite in contrast was the sweet-faced English Bishop Blythe, dressed in sober clerical black, into whose splendid palace I went by invitation and was hospitably entertained by his wife.

Past the hermetically sealed palace of the Sultan of Pera, on the banks of the Bosphorus, I twice steamed. Fearful of assassination, he is rarely seen. Only the subjects of such a man would strip off the stamps from sealed letters and wreck the letters. He has no place in Christian Europe. Not that they love King George so well are the Greeks so contented to have him for a ruler, but that they detest the Turc, whose habit it was to decapitate all marble statues, no matter what their antiquity.

On the Greek Fourth of July, April 7th, from my hotel in Athens, De Angelterre, I took a kodak of King George, aged fifty, as he passed in an open carriage between dense but silent throngs. The singing of patriotic songs by processions of uniformed boys took me back, in imagination,

to the days of Salamis and Thermopylæ, when the enthusiastic and embattled men of the age of Pericles marched around the gilded image of Minerva on the Acropolis, shouting "Evoe! Evoe!" and victorious war songs—a most inspiring and heart-throbbing spectacle.

As I saw Pope Leo XIII carried in triumph on the shoulders of eight Papal Guards along the nave of San Pietro on Thursday, April 24th, amid the "Viva Papas" of ten thousand enthusiastic followers, I could easily picture a similar scene, in Imperial Rome, when Constantine Hadrian or Marcus Aurelius Antoninus passed in triumph from the North Gate, Porta Del Popolo, along the corso below Quirinal to the Forum and Monte Palatino!

My hotel, the Metropole was in the Via St. Nicolo de Tolentino, between the Quirinal and Monte Pincio, within two blocks of the splendid palace, frequently passed by me, where Queen Margharita, widow of Humbert, lives in a state befitting her station. The palace of her son Emanuel, the present king, often seen by me, is near by to the south, in the Viminal.

The doges of Venice are a thing of the past, with their pageants and processions. Inscribed in large letters, copied by me on May 7th, on the hallway leading to the Giant's Staircase in the Ducal Palace, are these words and figures: "Vote of Province of Venezia for Union with Italy under the Constitutional Monarchy of Victor Emanuele II, 27 Oct., 1866, Yes: 64,178; No: 69; Null: 275", indicating not so much proud Venice's love for Italy as her intense scorn of Austrian domination. I had a taste of Venetian pageantry in the decorations of the church and San Marco Piazza for Ascension Day when I was there May 8th.

From Mayence I passed near Wiesbaden, where was then the War Lord, Emperor William, May 14th.

I saw in the Church of Notre Dame at Paris the decorations, costly black and funereal hangings for the annual celebration of the funeral obsequies of the French dead fallen in the frightful war of 1870-71. President Loubet was present.

On Thursday, May 27th, Edward VII, King of England, was present, mounted, accompanied by Earl Roberts, at the annual ceremony of trooping the British colors in Green

Park, London. He was sixty-one, heavy set, with close-cropped gray beard; is broad-minded, cosmopolitan and popular. So is his queen, whom I saw driving in Rotten Row last Saturday.

Last night I returned to the city to London Bridge, from a trip down the Thames to the sea, and rode on an omnibus top through Fleet street, the Strand, Piccadilly, Knight's Bridge, Brompton, Fulham Road, to my residence at Kneesworth House, Elm Park Road, South Kensington. The scenes of "Mafeking night" were being repeated. A rocket from Alexandra Palace and the announcement of the Lord Mayor from Mansion House proclaimed peace and the ending of the Boer war—October 11, 1898—May 31, 1902—giving at last rest for the poor soldiers. The Daily Telegraph to-day and other London papers are full of it. Great was the rejoicing. The vista of the street, as I look out of my window to-day is alive with waving Union Jacks, among which I see American flags. The preparations for the Coronation, May 26th, are immense. All London has been cleansed and brightened. The weather is fine, the foliage—"leafy June"—is redundant. Never on this earth has there been such a concourse as will be here June 26, 1902. One million of visitors are expected. Seats are at fabulous prices and hotels crowded. The demonstrations on the streets to-day are immense. The 'busses can hardly get through the crowds.

THE CAUSES OF THE SELECTION OF SITES FOR ANCIENT CITIES

LONDON, June 3d.

Nature predestined that point in the Nile Valley where twenty streams diverge across the flats and shallows of sands—that ages of inundations have piled up—the apex of the Delta, to be the center of a great population. It is almost equidistant from Suez, from Ismailia, from Port Said and from Alexandria. Each line constitutes a radius of about one hundred and thirty miles, with first Memphis, now a ruin and buried under two thousand inundations of the Nile, and at present Cairo, as the hub of the spokes—extending, spread out like the vanes of a fan, making it a

point of strategic and commercial importance. Thotmes and Rameses, B. C., and now the Khedive and Cromer have their residence and military encampment here.

The flat tops of Mt. Moriah and four other hills, forming a square surface capable—within a wall sixty-six feet high and one hour and twenty minutes' walk in circuit, of holding a population of two hundred thousand, a family living in a single room—made a great camp of Jerusalem and fixed its destiny as a natural fortress; this, supplemented by the fact that it is equidistant from the seacoast and the Valley of the Jordan—between the mountains of Lebanon on the north and the Arabian Desert on the south. A spring at the foot of Mt. Olive first drew the Jebusites there, who fixed their encampment permanently, as they supposed, till driven away by the invading Hebrews. That spring is still there. I drank of its pure, sweet waters, March 13th. A church to the Virgin is erected over it. The pool of Siloam, the Brook of Cedron on the south, the deep vale at the foot of Olivet on the east, make this ancient city almost impregnable from that side. At night the high steep walls are desolate and gloomy. In my belated walk around the outer walls on the night of March 15th, I disturbed certain buzzards of large size—carrion birds which, coming in from mountains toward Jericho, made the high niches of the old walls their roosting place. Indignant at my intrusion into their solemn haunts, they flew with heavy-flapping wings shrieking away towards Bethany and Bethpage. The experience was eyrie and weird.

It is easy to see that Stamboul, Pera and Scutari, constituting Constantinople, on the deep and swift waters that flow from the Back Sea into the Sea of Marmora, make it a point of prime strategic importance and the coveted prize of contending Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, Venetians, Turks and Russians through all the ages before and since the Advent.

The Acropolis, at Athens, with its precipitous sides, except toward the west, attracted the early Pelasgians to it as a place of refuge from their on-coming enemies. All around the parapet, great blocks of brown, unhewn rocks, I could easily distinguish from the later masonry of the time of Pericles.

Brundisium, with its land-locked harbor and high shore elevations, caused it to be selected by the races of men preceding the Romans as a city.

The heights of St. Elmo and St. Martin, the wide and deep bay, always attracted self-defending men to Naples.

The Palatine, resembling the Acropolis of Athens, and its six other hills dominating the Campagna, decided the Etruscans to build and fortify Rome.

The bend in the Arno and the heights of Michaelangelo were the natural defenses of Florence.

The detached islands at the mouth of the Po made the farmers fleeing from the invading Huns a refuge and built Venice.

Milan—medio-lanus—was the center of a rich agricultural and pastoral plain, a natural county seat.

Flüelen is at one end and Lucerne at the other of a lake twenty-five miles long, the outgoing waters of the Reuss, making it a strategic point for the colonizing Romans, who built a town and hung a light here—Lucerne.

The advantages of Stuttgart, its fine situation on the Neckar, made it the natural capital of Wurtemberg.

Mayence, at the junction of Marne and the Rhine, made it a point of prime military importance.

The Emperor Claudius thought enough of Cologne--Colonia—to send a legion of veteran soldiers there, and commenced the city.

Brussels, on the Scheldt, early had a range of fortified hills.

The isolated island of the Seine—in time B. C.—drew a tribe of fleeing Parisii, who defended themselves for ages from their inaccessible fortress, and from this the great city grew. This island is still called “The Cité”.

Rouen was selected by the invading Northmen as a good place to defend, and a visit to its steep hills shows why.

London is flat and level. The seat on the Thames and proximity to the sea fixed its location as a point of commercial importance.

Thus we see that strategic considerations have been a prime factor in locating Oriental and European cities.

FROM PARIS, THROUGH ROUEN, DIEPPE, NEW
HAVEN, TO LONDON

LONDON, June 10th.

Leaving Paris, May 25th, at 8:07 a. m., by the Gare De L'Ouest, I arrived at Rouen at 12 same day; remaining there long enough to visit the Cathedral, nine hundred years old. The central tower, nearly five hundred feet high, destroyed by lightning eighty years ago, has been rebuilt of structural steel, the only one of the kind in Europe. To lovers of old stone Gothic cathedrals its ironrust color is detestable, although the tracery of its framework against the sky is delicate. The stained glass windows inside, and especially the rose window in the nave, I admired. Rollo of Normandy is buried here, and here is an effigy of Richard I of England, containing his lion heart.

The Church of St. Ouen, nine hundred years old, is fully as large as the cathedral and, to my mind, grander. The stained glass of the many windows is fine. I took kodaks of both.

An equestrian statue of Napoleon, made of the cannon of Austerlitz, adorns the square of the Hotel de Ville. In the Museum of Antiquities is the autograph of William the Conqueror, made with a mark, like that of Charlemagne, both of whom were too busy fighting to learn to write, and kept secretaries for that purpose. This city is the capital of Normandy, is the scene of the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, in the public square. The modern tramways are in glaring contrast to the ancient dormer-windowed, tile-roofed buildings.

Leaving betimes, I reached Dieppe at midnight. Taking the channel ferry, I lay me down to sleep, and was unconscious of the waves till I awoke at daylight at New Haven. The swift steamers transferred me to London by 8 o'clock, when I was soon comfortably domiciled in a private house in Elm Park Road, South Kensington.

INCIDENTS AND REMINISCENCES OF THE TOUR

LONDON, June.

In Jerusalem I saw the gate out of which Stephen went to be stoned to death. Paul says he held the garments of the Pharisees the while. There were and are certainly plenty of stones.

I went to the "Wailing Wall of the Jews". It is part of the Temple of Solomon. Many Hebrews were there, both men and women, leaning up against the ponderous time-stained stones, bewailing the lost glories of Solomon, tears streaming from their eyes and voices quivering with emotion. It was pathetic. Beggars old and young (Moslem) swarmed around the place. David street in Jerusalem is by measurement twenty-three feet wide. It is the main street. No horse or wagons within the walls. David street is crooked and twisted. On each side are bazaars. The merchants sit in their front doors. The shops are arched over with thick stone walls to exclude the burning sun. The merchants are all Jews, sharp-eyed, clad in gaberdines, speaking Hebrew and Syriac, a little French, no English. When I witnessed the procession of the Greek priests on Sunday in the Holy Sepulcher, a white-winged dove alighted upon the glass dome one hundred feet above—a beautiful incident.

Great processions of pilgrims from all over Europe were marching through the nave of St. Pietro in Rome when I first entered. They were singing ecstatically. It was dramatic; it was impressive. St. Peter, St. Pietro in Vinculo, St. Maria Maggiore, St. Croce, St. Lorenzo, St. Sebastian and St. Paul without the walls—these are the seven pilgrimage churches in Rome. Believers who pray in them are entitled to special regard and indulgence. I visited and entered each one. The Pope in Rome is universally beloved. I saw him closely, repeatedly. He is old, withered, shrunken, with a skin like parchment, deepset eyes, a large ring on his middle finger of right hand. He blessed with his right hand, two fingers extended. When he arose from the chair on which he was carried the immense audience burst out into frantic enthusiastic vivas, "Viva Papa!" It was contagious. His face was powdered and painted like a woman's. He wore a close-fitting skull cap and scarlet

robe. I made the acquaintance of several noblemen in Italy; they did not impress me as different from other men.

Venetians drink coffee every twenty minutes. The mass of the people are pinched with hunger and cold. In the trattorias the lynx-eyed waiters watch every motion of the guest and every mouthful he eats. The city is a shell of old palaces out of which the nautilus crawled one hundred years ago. The wharves of Schiavoni are empty of merchandise.

Stuttgart was full of the emperor's lusty, well-fed, mad-to-fight soldiers and many "Denkmals" of the frightful war of '70-'71. It hurts the defeated French that all the lions and statues point threateningly toward "Frankreich". They burn and fret under their crushing defeat—Waterloo multiplied a thousand times.

The Hotel du Nil, in Paris, was my resting place, where I slept off the weariness of travel and sight-seeing.

I attended the annual races at Epsom Downs, where I saw the king in the grand stand, pencil in hand, figuring out combinations on the horses. Two hundred thousand people were present.

The passage to Gibraltar was cold and stormy.

The passage to Naples and Alexandria was rough; ten thousand repeated heavy seas pounded the ship.

The sands of Sahara blew at Alexandria, getting into my kodak shutter.

The trip to Cairo was through a lovely, sunny, green, alluvial land.

Cairo was full of natives, merchants, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Christians, Gentiles, Americans and tourists, and most fascinating.

I visited the Sphinx and went up the great pyramid Cheops.

I sailed ten miles up the Nile, saw the ruins of Memphis and the twenty-six subterranean tombs of the Sacred Bulls: most wonderful.

I rode parallel to Suez Canal from Ismailia to Port Said.

I was quarantined six days off Beirut.

On board the Ramanieh I formed the acquaintance of G. Hopham Blythe, the Bishop of Jerusalem, and many other distinguished Europeans.

I was lifted bodily from the ship to a small boat off Jaffa, to go ashore amid dashing waves off Andromeda rocks.

I walked repeatedly through Jerusalem, entirely around its walls, over it and under the stone strata in the tombs of the kings.

I visited the Holy Sepulcher, and descended into the tomb of Lazarus, and visited Mt. Olive, Jericho and the Jordan.

I bathed in the heavy salt waters of the Dead Sea and in the Jordan, and drank of the waters of the spring of Elijah, flowing from under the Mount of Temptation.

I went to the house of Mary and Martha, in Bethany, and visited Bethlehem and Bethpage, whence the Saviour obtained the white ass for his official entry into Jerusalem through the Golden Gate.

I visited Golgotha, the Place of the Skull; Gordon's Calvary and the Wailing Wall of the Jews.

I was ten days on the Eastern Mediterranean and the Ægean Sea.

I put on felt slippers to visit all the mosques we entered in Cairo, Jerusalem and Constantinople.

I had our American Consul, Rev. Merrel, at Jerusalem, identify a complete replica of the entire costume worn by Jesus, the Prophet and Saviour, bought and shipped it to the United States.

I repeatedly visited the Acropolis at Athens, ascended the Areopagus, where Paul preached Christ to the Athenians, and stood on the Bema of Demosthenes.

I descended the northern precipitous wall of the Acropolis, a feat rarely accomplished.

I passed over the canal cut to let the waters of the Bay of Salamis into the Gulf of Corinth.

I sailed from Patras to Corfu, thence to Brindisi, across the beautiful Adriatic.

I walked the streets of resurrected Pompeii; went around the foot of smoking Vesuvius; ascended the heights of St. Elmo and the Convent of St. Martin and looked into the lovely Bay of Naples.

I spent ten happy days in Rome: walked through the Forum, on the Pincian and the Palatine hills, and attended a procession amidst eager thousands of devotees of the pop-

ular Pope Leo XIII, and made an original sketch of him as he passed; made the pilgrimage of the seven churches.

I sat upon the heights of the Hill of Michaelangelo at Florence and surveyed the beautiful Arno.

I swam in a gondola in Venice.

I saw the Gothic Cathedral of Milan, went through ten miles of St. Gothard Tunnel and sailed upon Lake Lucerne; I saw the Wounded Lion of Thorwaldsen, cut out of the living rock, and the snow-white Falls of Schaffhausen. I passed Heidelberg and saw twenty thousand marching German soldiers in Stuttgart. From Mayence to Coln I saw the Rhine and the Castles; ate dinner at La Belle Alliance on the field of Waterloo, and passed from Brussels, through Compeigne, to beautiful Paris.

LONDON, THE THAMES, THE STREETS, NORTH SIDE

June 10th.

The devious windings of the River Thames, from a bird's-eye view from the South Side, resembles a dromedary's silhouette. Commencing with the neck of the dromedary at Chelsea, on the west, the river in its course to the sea rises in two humps till it reaches the tail at Greenwich; the apex of the first being at Blackfriars Bridge and of the second at Lime House. The stream in its course flows successively under Albert Bridge, Victoria, Vauxhall, Lambeth, Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, Southwark bridges, London, the finest bridge of its kind in Europe, and Tower Bridge, there being none east of this, the shipping from the sea having free course from here. I took a steamer from Victoria Bridge, went up the Thames ten miles, passing the scene of the regattas, starting from Putney, to Kew on the South Side, spending the afternoon in the lovely gardens among the palms, the ferns, the orchids, carnations and roses, the most delicate and cultured I have ever seen. On a certain Sunday, June 1, I took one of the Belle steamers at London Bridge, at 3 p. m., crowded in all its decks with the 'Arries and 'Arriets of Lower London, went down the Thames, passed the Tower, through Tower Bridge, passed the West India Docks, the Isle of Docks, Deptford and Greenwich, rounded the anchored Nore, to the mouth, looking out upon



THE ACROPOLIS, FROM PHILOPOPOS.

the sea with its many sails, consuming four hours. Returning slowly, we anchored at the bridge at 11 p. m., the way up in the cabin being enlivened by the continuous topical and comical songs of some good tenor voices. There was much drinking, but the pervading good nature of the noisy crowds prevented any difficulties. The sight of a rocket from Alexandra Palace and the mellow sound of many bells clanging forth the news, announced to the eager crowd the welcome fact that the war in South Africa had ended and that peace was declared.

The Strand, continued in Fleet street, Cannon street, Commercial road and East India Dock road, all of which I traveled, parallel the Thames on the north. Kensington, Knightsbridge, Piccadilly, Longacre, Holborn, New Gate, Cheapside, Cornhill, Leadenhall, White Chapel, Mile End, one continuous street fifteen miles long, is the next road of length to the north and parallels the Thames. Its four millions of people are daily transported, in cabs, omnibusses, tubes, underground railway and tramways. Its pavements are asphalt and Nicholson. Westminster, St. Paul's and the Tower are the principal sights.

THE KING

Albert Edward was Prince of Wales sixty-one years, and obedient to his mother; presided at innumerable public functions and corner-stone layings; made the tour of the world; has a liberal education; speaks fluently all the continental languages; is a patron of all the fine arts, especially the drama; attends the races at Epsom Downs and the Ascot: has a fine racing stud; is fond of cards and games of chance; knows Paris well and Monte Carlo; a good shot; is tender, kind and affectionate to his relatives; has not been, but is now, a model husband; is not ambitious, war-like or political; has no desire to rule absolutely or dictate to his ministers: is strictly a constitutional king; has the blood of the Normans, Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts in his veins: is unlike any of them, but takes after his Hanover and Coburg ancestors; is a modern cosmopolitan, and a devotee to official and social etiquette; has a Teutonic figure, an impassive countenance, and yet is a composite

Englishman in character and apparently universally popular, judging from the number of his effigies publicly displayed and the adulations in the public press and assemblies. Yet there is an undercurrent of popular discontent, a large socialistic leaven that will one day make itself felt.

THE PEACE NEWS AND THE TE DEUM

LONDON, June 18th.

As I rode into the railroad Gare du Lion sound asleep, so on the morning of April 36th I rode into Victoria Station, London, napping, caused by fatigue in night traveling. I became established in Elm Park Road, Kensington, S. W. On Sunday, June 1, I left London Bridge on a Belle line steamer for a trip to the mouth of the Thames. Returning at 11 p. m., I saw a rocket ascend from Alexandra Palace, and heard the bells of St. Paul's and others, deep toned, ringing the news of "Peace" conquered from the Boers. I expressed myself as glad that no more good men on either side would be killed and that at last the poor soldiers would have a rest. As I passed through the streets toward my abode I noticed already great excitement, and that throngs were crowding the thoroughfares. The following day the private and public houses everywhere hung out flags. I noticed several American ensigns, the only foreign flag waving. I went down to the center of the city at noon and remained till nearly midnight. The sidewalks and roadways were crowded; liberties were taken by tickling the faces of men and women with peacock feathers, colored papers were showered on the passers, songs were sung and quadrilles improvised in the streets, indulged in by working girls and young men, glad of the opportunity of freedom bordering on license. The sixteen thousand members of the metropolitan police were vigilant to see that the rejoicings and excesses were not too extravagant. It was a repetition of Mafeking night, modified, I was told.

The following Sunday, June 8th, the king and queen, the royal family, the lords and members of parliament carrying in a carriage the mace of the House of Commons, the generals of the army present in the city, and many other notables and distinguished personages, rode through Picca-

dilly, the Strand, Fleet street to attend a Te Deum in St. Paul's. I saw the lord mayor meet the king at Temple Bar, deliver him the sword, emblem of the city's authority, amid the cheers of the assembled people, which sword was immediately returned to him, and the procession passed on.

EUROPE AND AMERICA CONTRASTED

June 21st.

Europe exceeds America in the fine arts, painting, sculpture, music, the interior decorations, ecclesiastical architecture; in quiet, reposeful manners at public and private functions; in the immunity, under the law, of the person from violent assault, and from death or maiming while in public conveyances; in elaborate post graduate scientific investigation in all departments, and the art of cuisine. From their inception to their appearance on the table, the Europeans are past masters in the art of handling the potato, the egg, milk, butter, wheat and bread. In all my travels I never saw any stale food on the table. The beds are invariably clean and wholesome, at least in all the hotels I rested in. I saw not a bug on my tour. On the other hand, America, the United States, exceeds Europe in the manufacture of structural steel; in the architecture of public buildings, high buildings and others; the rapid and safe house elevator; in public school buildings; in its system of universal public school education, its graded schools, from kindergartens through grammar to high schools; in the invention, manufacture and use of all labor-saving agricultural implements; in the multiplicity, utility and novelty of inventions, labor-saving and others; in the industrial and mechanical arts and sciences; and, above all, in its systems of steam and electric ships, railroads and rapid transportation and intercommunication over cities, continents and oceans.

The drawbacks of Europe are its persistent and permanent subdivision into English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Austrian, Prussian, Turkish and other nationalities, with strictly defined boundaries, strict revenue laws enforced at the crossing of every frontier; its multiplicity of tongues; the diversity of postal laws, monetary systems, systems of weights and measures; its official priesthood, union of

Church and State; its international hatreds, animosities and jealousies; its fetish of hereditary kings and rulers, and above all, its vast standing armies of millions of men eating out the substance of the people. There should be a universal disarmament and a board of international arbitration, as outlined at The Hague.

THE NECESSITY OF UNIFORMITY IN MONEY SYSTEMS, WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

I have traveled through the Orient and through all the countries of Europe this year, and lost on my arrival in each new country by the discount of my left-over money. The Greeks refuse to accept at par Turkish money; the Italians, Greek money; the Swiss, Italian money; the Germans, Swiss money; the French German money, and the English, French money—discounting, each nation, the other's money heavily, the money changers—accursed since the Saviour turned over their tables in the Holy Temple down to the present time—reaping the difference. The Turkish piaster, the Greek lepta, the Italian lira, the Swiss franc, the German mark, the French frank and the English shilling, differ in size, weight and intrinsic value; they should all be the same size, weight and purity in silver, retaining their national designations, and adopt the decimal system.

The French division of one large silver piece, equivalent to our dollar, into five parts, each fifth into one hundred centimes, is the best. Our American dollar should have fifths instead of quarters, each fifth an hundred centimes. The same system should prevail in each European nation, and by international agreement the dollar unit in size, silver value and subdivisions, should be adopted, the coin stamped "Universalle" and be receivable at par everywhere over Christendom. The English system is especially antique, combersome, inconvenient and confusing.

Again, postal laws should validate the stamp of each nation, no matter in what country first affixed. An Italian-stamped letter deposited in a red English mail box in England will be refused carriage, and vice versa. An international clearing postal office could easily settle balances.

About personal baggage, each person should carry and present an affidavit that he has no merchandise subject to tariff; a violation to be prosecuted. The American car and baggage check system is the more convenient. The present European system is a great impediment to travelers.

LONDON

June 21st.

In the British Museum, No. 18,212, the Mykermos Skeleton—3633 B. C.—the Rosetta Stone and the Portland Vase to me seemed the most interesting after the Elgin Marbles and the Egyptian exhibits. The Royal Academy of Arts, occupying parts of Burlington House, in Piccadilly, on May 30th, the Queen's birthday, was thronged with the best people of London viewing the fine exhibits of English artists. The South Kensington Museum has a life-size replica of Trajan's Column in Rome; is rich in other replicas of art temples, porticos and statues. Tate's Gallery of English paintings of the last one hundred years, on the Thames, over Vauxhall Bridge, is the thank offering of a rich sugar merchant and occupies the former site of a dismal old prison, Milbank penitentiary. The National Gallery is exclusively for paintings; it is on Trafalgar square.

I saw these and many other art galleries of great educative value and all freely open to the public. They contain convenient restaurants for lunch, so that one can pleasantly and profitably spend a whole day in any one of them. The English people are fond of handy and hearty eating.

There are numerous parks, with ancient trees and velvet lawns: St. James's Park, Green Park and Hyde Park are the chief.

The Monument commemorating the great fire, the elaborate Albert Memorial, Nelson Column, with lions as large literally as elephants, modeled by Landseer; Wellington Monument, looking toward Parliament House; the Crimean Memorial and Cleopatra's Needle, are the chief memorials. The nation is living on the fame of Waterloo and Trafalgar. Statues are too numerous to name. Bow-street Church, St. Martin's in the Fields, St. Sepulcher's, St. James's, St.

Paul's, Westminster and St. Saviour's on the South Side, are the principal churches.

The Tower, Mansion House, Guildhall, the Royal Exchange, the Law Courts, I have seen repeatedly.

Lambeth Palace, Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House, are all historical. The old palace of Thomas Wolsey, at Hampton Court, I visited June 9th, and saw the unassuming General Roberts review the Indian troops encamped in the park. In a small study hangs a half-size oil portrait of the ambitious miserable man, which I copied.

London has now six millions of inhabitants; every twenty years it doubles its population. Fast transportation lines are extending it to all points of the compass. It has houses enough for one hundred large cities. Now six millions: in twenty years it will have twelve millions. Tramways and the pressure of population constantly coming in from the country are extending the city southeast toward Chisselhurst, southwest toward Twickenham, northwest beyond Southall, and northeast beyond Seven Kings. More than fifty years ago De Quincey said, "London is a mighty nation". To-day London is a mighty empire.

LONDON AND THE EMPIRE

June 30th.

Around the corner from where I live in London, on Elm Park Road, is the house of Thomas Carlisle, in Chelsea, on Cheyne Walk, facing the river. Milton, Cowley, Pope, Byron, Dr. Johnson, Nelson, Louis Phillipe, Louis Napoleon, all lived within a short radius of "the City", by which is meant that part bounded by Temple Bar on the west, and within a short radius of Ludgate Circus. Sentiment is overcome by commercialism, and the dwelling places of famous men are fast being demolished to make way for business houses. Churches, indeed, are fixtures, and those whose monuments are identified with them can still be seen. The site of Globe Theatre is occupied by Barclay's Brewery; Boar's Head Tavern by the statue of William IV. The green fields existing in Shakespeare's time on the South Side are now filled with ponderous business blocks,

and the frequent trains of mighty trunk lines of railway thunder past over broad bridges spanning the Thames; so changed that he would not recognize his London, should he "revisit the glimpses of the moon".

The thoroughfare leading from Fulham Road, through Piccadilly, Fleet, Cheapside, is so blocked with 'busses that a pedestrian can outstrip them. The fares are high. The Tube and the Underground are not sufficient to meet the wants of six millions of population, and it is increasing. Rapid transportation through this main thoroughfare by elevated steam railway, as in New York, must come in the near future—very likely through an American engineer and capital.

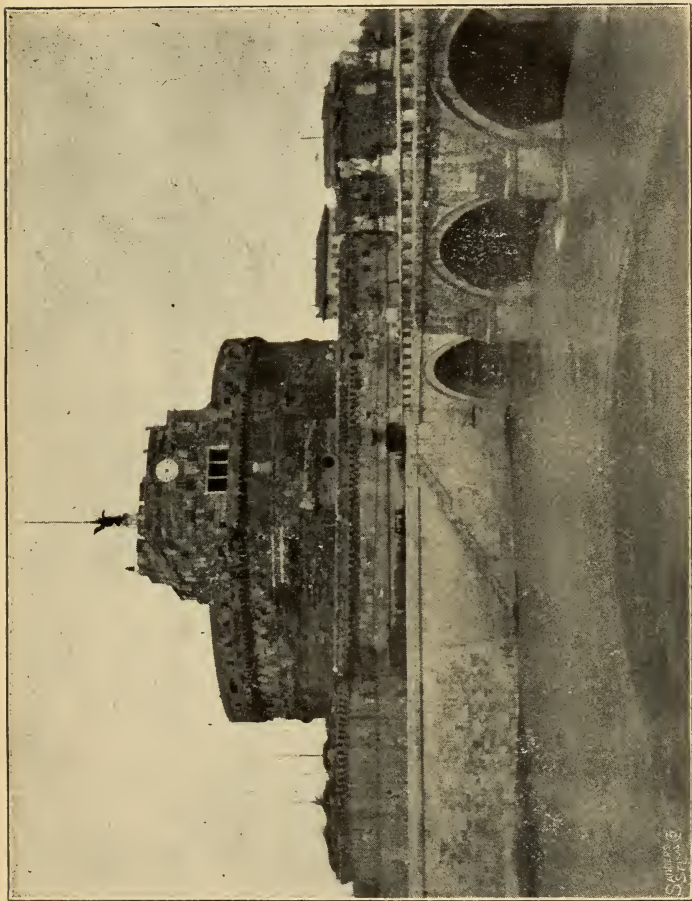
Several hundred thousand people are annually out of employment and are a heavy charge on the municipal authorities in hospitals, poor houses and eleemosynary institutions; their number is increasing faster than the population. I bought a box of blacking made by Miller in New York city, on Fulham Road, in London, for one penny, as the cheapest and best in the shop; sold in New York for two and one-half pence; costing to manufacture and transport a fraction of one penny. Same is true in other lines, showing that American manufacture can undersell English-made goods. This is owing to high protective American tariff and English free trade. The result will be, vast numbers more of English mechanics will be thrown out of employment.

The personnel of the English people is peculiar. They are growing as much alike as the Chinese from long interbreeding, such is their aversion to intermarriage. Angles, Saxons, Danes, mingled, made a good race. They now need a new infusion of foreign blood. With the Irish and Scotch there is not much blood mixture. The Norman aristocrats are still a race apart. The grades in society are numerous and well-defined. Longlines of ancestry, wealth and culture and legalized titles cause and keep up these castes.

Beneath the mouth adulation of royalty there is much secret dissatisfaction and unrest. The royal arms are displayed on business houses advertisements; if not "by special appointment or warrant", they are put up as seduc-

tive signs anyhow. They never hope to speak to the king or mingle with the nobles, yet the royal movements are constantly discussed and chronicled same as we would the weather. Had Albert Edward died years ago when he fell so sick with an almost fatal illness, his son Clarence, it is said, never would have been permitted to be the successor of Queen Victoria, such was his want of character. Four or five bad kings between 1838 and 1901 would have ended the British monarchy. It is safe to say the decent private life of "the good" queen mother has kept it alive to date. Luxembourg, St. Cloud, Versailles, Fontainebleau, magnificent palaces of the French Bourbons, are empty of their royalty as last year's birds' nests. The French Bastille, built contemporaneously with the Tower, was unnecessarily demolished in a frenzy of popular insanity. Never again will a Napoleon, an Orleans, or any Bourbon occupy those palaces. There will be no royal fêtes in France or coronations, as much as the French love and excel in such pageants. The English have all their palaces—Buckingham, Windsor, Hampton and others—and have their royal family in them. Great was their joy at the coronation intended for June 26th, and correspondingly great the envy of the French that they could have none. The cost of the stars, flags, celluloid lamps, gas fixtures, seats and conveniences and decorations ran into the hundreds of thousands of pounds. The sudden announcement, too long delayed, of the serious illness of the king was a deep disappointment to the people and an immense cost to the British government, who had been entertaining at public hotels and in private houses thousands of guests. Correspondingly and secretly, the French chuckled. It is said there was not even with the British that deep enthusiasm at the coming event as at the time of the jubilee, owing to the difference in character of the late queen and the present king, her son.

The public houses have not forgone their immense crowds and dispensing of wines, beers and liquors. Shakespeare in *Hamlet* makes many allusions to the English habit of drinking in his time. To my personal knowledge there is still prolonged and excessive drinking of spirituous liquors among all classes of people here, high and low, rich and poor, male and female. It keeps the sixteen thousand



TOMB OF HADRIAN, CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

metropolitan police busy watching the sixteen thousand public houses in London and the resulting disturbances. The public bars are frequented openly by women in middle class, who drink beer, porter, wine, whisky and gin to excess. I rode in a railroad compartment with three good-looking young women, each of whom drew a bottle of whisky from her satchel and freely drank from it. One was reading "East Lynne", crying over the novel and drinking neat whisky all at the same time. Statisticians here show that annually this habit is more detrimental to the English nation and more costly than the big wars and the interest on the public debt. Yet the custom increases.

To me more peculiar than saying 'ead, 'orse, 'ouse, and putting on the "h" where it should not be, is the practice among most Englishmen of pronouncing the vowel "o" as "eou" in "meow", and their broad "a".

London is no longer a mighty "nation"; it is a mighty "empire". What Rome was to Italy in the time of the Cæsars, London is more to England and to the broad imperial domain. Not Edinburgh nor Glasgow, nor Dublin nor Belfast; not populous Liverpool, nor Birmingham, nor Leeds rule the empire, but London, Downing street, and a few leading families in the country, in whom the chief offices are seemingly hereditary. I perceived that more and more during my residence here. Their leaning to the United States is largely interested, as to a young giant Rip Van Winkle arousing from a long sleep and seclusion.

A PILGRIMAGE TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON

CHRONOLOGICAL DATA

- 1564. April 23. At Stratford-on-Avon, William Shakespeare is born in house in Henley street.
- 1571-1578. Is pupil in grammar school in High street.
- 1578. Earl of Leicester entertains Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth.
- 1582. November. Marries Anne Hathaway, of Shottery.
- 1583. Susanna, his first child, is born.
- 1585. Hamnet and Judith, twins, are born.
- 1586. Goes to London, leaving wife and three children behind.

- 1586. Holds horses at door of theatre—unverified legend, invented many years after.
- 1588. Ballad, lampooning Sir Thomas Lucy, Sheriff of Warwickshire, affixed to his gate. Imputed to Shakespeare.
- 1592. Known in London as a re-writer of old plays at the Globe Theatre.
- 1593. Acts before Queen Elizabeth.
- 1596. His son Hamnet dies.
- 1596. Deed written and extant, proving John Shakespeare, his father, still lives in Henley house.
- 1597. Purchases New Place—then old—the best house in Stratford.
- 1598. In London, appears as actor in Ben Jonson's comedy.
- 1598. Letter to Shakespeare from Richard Quimbey, asking loan of thirty pounds;—only letter written to Shakespeare extant.
- 1601. His father dies, having lived in Henley-street house forty-six years. Eight children lived there.
- 1602. Has already written "Hamlet" and "As You Like It", among others.
- 1604. William Shakespeare versus Philip Rogers, petition in suit for malt sold, filed. Record is extant.
- 1605. Purchases tithes of Stratford, Bishoptown and Welcombe.
- 1608. Mary Arden Shakespeare, his mother, dies in Stratford.
- 1609. Gilbert, his brother, signs document as his attorney-in-fact, in Stratford.
- 1586 to 1611. Has produced thirty-seven plays, one hundred and fifty-four sonnets and two long poems.
- 1612. Disposes of his shares in Blackfriars Theatre and in the Globe.
- 1613. Globe Theatre destroyed by fire, and all books and manuscripts contained therein lost.
- 1613. Richard, his brother, dies.
- 1605 to 1615. Writes Othello, King Lear, Macbeth.
- 1616. Drayton and Jonson visit him at Stratford.
- 1616. April 23. At New Place, Stratford, Shakspeare, after an illness of three days, dies of fever; gastritis, I infer.

- 1523. Bust, in Chancel of Holy Trinity Church at Stratford, is erected.
- 1670. Susanna, afterwards Mrs. Nash, later, Lady Barnard, sole survivor of his lineage, dies.
- 1757. "New Place" wantonly demolished by Rev. M. Gastrell, the owner.
- 1880. Mrs. Baker, sole lineal descendant of Anne Hathaway's father, dies.
- 1880. Shakespeare Theatre and Memorial erected.

Such is the meager chronological record after 286 years' research into Shakespeare's life history.

The first play I remember to have seen, as a child carried in arms, at the Olive-street Theatre in St. Louis, Mo., fifty odd years ago, was *Macbeth*. Its pageantry and swift tragic action bewildered and delighted me. From that day to this I have been an admirer of the master, having repeatedly read and seen acted his leading plays and perused many commentaries on them. Of the mind and soul of Shakespeare, as revealed in his compositions, we know as much as mortal men can know of another man. We also know from the Parish Register kept in the Holy Trinity Church at Stratford, the dates of his birth and death. I saw it to-day. We also know that he married at eighteen, went to London and became a "Johannes Factotum" at the Globe Theatre. I recently visited and located the spot in Southwick where it stood, now occupied by Barclay's brewery. We know that he re-wrote old plays—the library of this theatre contained the accumulation of generations of plays in books and manuscripts—and wrote new ones; that for a quarter of a century he produced one play at least annually, and sometimes two; was a good manager, a good actor, a splendid man of business for himself and others; was protected by the Earl of Southampton and other noblemen, and also by Queen Elizabeth—a fact that does much to reconcile us to her many and great faults; that his thoughts during all his stay in London fondly—as is evident—turned to this, his home; that he finally disposed of all his holdings in London; retired permanently to his new home in Stratford; died there, surrounded by wife, children

and loving friends, universally beloved; was buried in the sacred place in the chancel of the Holy Trinity, and seven years later was honored with a bust decorating the wall above his tomb. This spot for years has been the Mecca of my thoughts and dreams as I turned the pages and pondered the deep thoughts of this marvelous man. In coming up here, between Oxford and Leamington I noticed beds of yellow flowers—wild mustard—blending with the color of the tender green meadows; forests of horse-chestnuts, oaks and elms. Allusions to roses, from buds to full bloom, luscious, ripe and sweet, are scattered with a bountiful profusion through his pages. As I look out of the back window of this hospitable hostelry on Henley street near his birthplace, I can see in the garden the descendants of those blooms so often admiringly looked upon by him. Passing over and through the fields in my approach to Stratford, I saw daffodils, violets blue, daisies pied, lady-smoks all silver white, cuckoo-buds of yellow hue, winking mary-buds, and all of poor Ophelia's flowers, rosemary, pansies, fennel, columbine and rue, in abundance. Doubtless he saw his sisters, or his daughter Susanna, or Judith, his baby, bring from the fields in the early summer aprons full of just such flowers. He knew them by their common names, not caring for any other. I plucked one of each, placed them between the leaves of my memorandum book to make a garland when I got home, in remembrance of this darling child and lover of nature. I also took some fresh green ivy leaves from the wall near the gate of the porch to the church. It is "leafy June", and for miles around the hawthorne hedges are white with blossoms. Doubtless at a not very remote geological period this whole island was submerged in the sea; the beds of marine shells of the pliocene era filled with the nitrogenous remains of dead mollusks in the limestone formation make nutriment for the grass of the far-extending meadows here peculiarly rich and lusty, giving them a deep dark green tinge, forming fine flesh for the domestic animals, and strong, firm muscles for the men and women. The lime in solution in the drinking water builds up strong bones. I drank to-day of the water of Anne Hathaway's spring. The distant horizon all around the circle as I glance out, is clothed with that delicate azure

hue that lends enchantment to the view. The air is full of moisture. The whole island, like "an emerald set in a silver sea", is swathed in clouds, white and dark blue, that constantly rise like steam from the superheated waters of the Gulf Stream in summer, making the flowers and plants and trees and shrubs of England, although the same latitude as Labrador, like the foliage of a hothouse. Warwickshire is as near the topographical center of England as its very irregular and indented coast line will permit. This whole country is like a park, kept by that fine landscape gardener "Nature". After my pilgrimage through Charlecote and Welcombe, I concluded that Shottery and Stratford are the more inviting. As I look out of the window I see thick masses of clouds scudding from the west. Doubtless, with eye "turned from earth to heaven", our poet often noted similar clouds here on their way to be "buried in the bosom of great ocean". The levels and plateaus of land hereabout are broad, wide and peculiarly open to all skyey influences. The atmosphere from all points seems to me to be self-luminous, sparkling, and the infinitesimal atoms to move automatically and nimbly, with an invigorating and uplifting effect. The flora and fauna and weather of the plays fit into this landscape exactly, and vice versa, as if described by a naturalist. The ruins of Kenilworth, not too far away for an active and ambitious boy of fourteen to get there on foot, as I saw to-day; the proud Earl of Leicester; the haughty and jealous queen; the glorious beauty, Amy Robsart, rival to a queen;—all these attractions must have fired the imagination of such a boy as bright Master William was at the time of the Queen's visit. The allegorical scenes depicted in a "Mid-Summer Night's Dream" read like a literal description of the entertainment provided by the Lord of the Castle, and so vividly described, also, by Sir Walter Scott in Kenilworth. There is in the play a distinct allusion to

"An Imperial Votress,—

A fair vestal throned in the West."

And all through the landscape winds the lovely Avon, in early morn and eve like a sheet of silver, with willows showing white beneath by reflection in the smooth surface of the pool below.

In such a country, at such a time, was the dramatist born;—the right time, and the right place, as I wrote in the visitors' book to-day.

At the age of seven and until fourteen he attended the grammar school in the second floor of the chapel of the Guild Hall, on the southeast corner of Chapel and High streets. How many miscellaneous books and legends he devoured we do not know. I saw in the museum in the house in Henley street an ancient and capacious book and writing desk said to have been his, taken from this school room. The pictorial panorama of the History of the Holy Cross once illuminated the walls of the school room, and its scenes doubtless sank deep into his receptive mind. His faith through life to the close was in the Evangelical Orthodox Christian belief, not obtrusive, and the mediated dramas are composed by him on lines laid down in the Gospels: repentance, forgiveness and salvation.

The house in Henley street is the largest on the street. It has three gables. It is on the line of the street. It is in good condition outside and in. The floor of the room entered is composed of large smooth blue stones, embedded in the earth. It has no "cellarage". This room has an enormously large chimney with a large throat. I stooped under, looked up, and could see the sky. A settle is on one side and an ingle nook on the other, where one could sit close to the flame within the face of the fireplace. Doubtless this healthy, imaginative boy often did sit there and gaze into the curling flames, weaving strange fancies as his mother and sisters moved about in household duties, the lad meanwhile having a sense of comfort, as being "at home". A fire has not been made in it for centuries. From this room I passed into an L, divided into three rooms. I returned again to the kitchen. Adjoining is a room facing the street (private) now used as a record room. Adjoining the kitchen, and facing the street, are two rooms used for a museum of Shakespeare souvenirs; the sword carried before his father and his signet ring are here. There are seven rooms on the first floor, six rooms on the second, and three attic rooms, making sixteen in all. The number surprised me. There are no halls or porches. The staircase to the second floor ascends from the L room. There is a staircase

leading to the attic, closed to visitors. The ceilings are low; I could easily touch them. The front room above the kitchen, 13x14, as I measured it, is where the wonderful child first uttered his wailing cry as he came into this breathing world. Visitors are permitted to sit in Shakespeare's low chair in this room. The walls are covered with penciled signatures. None are permitted now. It seems that all the great of the earth have been here to honor this lowly room. The panes of glass are small, are scratched all over with signatures made with diamond rings. I saw the signatures of W. Scott and T. Carlyle. A book is now provided where each visitor enters his name in ink. Judging from the size and number of the books, a stream of visitors has flowed into this goal of *literati* for many years. A shilling each one pays defrays the expense of custodians, four in number, and repairs. The house belongs to the nation, which patriotically purchased it, and would not allow Barnum, the showman, to dismember it and carry it away. The oak framework of the building, floor, joists, rafters, stanchions, are solid, sound, discolored dimension oak, hardened with great age, as the structure was ancient when John Shakespeare purchased it. The casings, doors, windows and fittings are not horizontal or perpendicular to a level; are sunken, are loose-jointed and admit the winter winds, "admonishers that feelingly persuade us what we are". Many large fires and warm bedding were required to keep the inmates comfortable in that house in winter. It is "well ventilated". Plaster and wood are the materials, the joinings being mortised and pinioned; no iron nails. It is an honest house—no sham—and picturesque with its pointed gables, small window panes and many wood mullions and members. The shadowy forms of the Shakespeares haunt this house. What a splendid woman the mother of such a man must have been! what a physical frame, heart, brain and mind! Here the marvelous child was born; here nurtured.

As I entered the city I saw a number of boys just let out of school, bright and gleeful lads with rosy faces. I could imagine Master William was such a boy. One came up to me and offered to be my guide. "What do you think of Shakespeare?" "He was a very great poet, sir," was his

reply. A bright lad with blue eyes, white and pink skin. Imagination could easily picture Master William such a boy at that age. Out of school at fourteen, he helped his father in different vocations—glover, wool-comber and farmer. Exploring every nook and corner of this lovely land, going with the family to church on Sunday, he was not long in finding other beauties than nature in the countryside. He saw Anne, and, as Miranda and Ferdinand did, “changed eyes”—probably in that very walk under the lime trees leading to the church door—and accompanied her home. From that time his fate was sealed. The smoke that curled from her lowly thatched cottage thereafter was doubtless his beacon by day, and the glint of the fire flashing through those diamond window panes was the light that lured him by night. He knew short cuts to Shottery from every point, and every road seemed to lead straight to that enchanted cottage. The mature charmes of the “imperial” Anne, then twenty-four, had ensnared the heart of the all too emotional youth of eighteen. “Love found a way” through all the guards of argus-eyed mother. What a lover he must have been! Fit for the queen of the whole world, and yet perhaps content to sit by that ingleside I saw to-day and gaze fondly into sweet Anne’s eyes and watch her every motion with a lover’s keen delight. There could be but one result: they loved and were married. She became the mother of his children; remained his sole wife through life in spite of the mysterious “black” beauty of the sonnets; survived him, followed his remains, no doubt tearfully, to their last resting-place; cherished and honored his memory; was proud of his fame, and joined with her son-in-law in erecting the bust and inscribing the epitaph in the chancel of the church, as we have every reason to believe. She was never heard to complain of any alleged desertion. When he prospered in London, he returned at intervals to his home here; he established his home at New Place, occupied it at first during intermittent visits, and finally continuously till the closing scene of his great and wonderful life.

The alleged prosecution by Sir Thomas Lucy for stealing deer must have been a legal prosecution. If such, there must have been a record in court. There is no such record



PALAZZO ST. MARCO; CHURCH; DUCAL PALACE;
CAMPANILE, VENICE.

extant. The story must have been invented by a gossip a generation after his death, and no foundation in contemporaneous fact has been produced. The menial service of holding horses for noblemen coming from London to the Globe Theater, was also an invention of an after age, and lacks proof. An intelligent guard said to me to-day at the railroad station at Stratford, "Of course he wrote the plays. No one else could." A bright, sensible lady, an inmate of this house and an old resident, said: "The unbroken tradition here in this place, sir, is that Mr. William Shakespeare wrote his works." She had never heard of any proof to the contrary. A sweet-faced, beautiful young American lady from Baltimore, who rode with me in the car to Kenilworth and Warwick, said, with dainty and convincing accent, she could not see how anybody could imagine anything different from the circumstances. What sane man would want to conceal the authorship of the "Winter's Tale"; of "Troilus and Cressida"; of the "Tempest"? These probably were written at New Place, in his serene, mature, retrospective and closing years. I have this year seen all the tombs of the great, from the pyramids of Egypt to the Invalides in Paris. None have so impressed me as the simplicity and grandeur of Holy Trinity at Stratford. I walked around the church, past what had been the charnel house—he mentions in *Romeo and Juliet* a charnel house—over the mossy turf and between the leaning grave stones. I turned my eyes to the tapering stone spire. Two hoarse ravens were circling around in a contest; a feather fell to the earth, broken, and yet warm from the body of one as I touched it. The feather had steel-black blue iridescent colors. These ravens were doubtless the descendants of the cousins of those that had croaked a hoarse welcome about Macbeth's towers as Duncan fatally entered, as they croak about the tower to-day opposite the remains of Shakespeare's "New Place" home.

I sat long in the chancel of the church and gazed thoughtfully at the lovely stained allegorical windows of the Seven Ages, and the American gift windows, and at his bust, bathed in the celestial light of the cathedral glass. I ran through in my mind the characters with which he had peopled his imaginary world, more real to me than many

actual persons who have lived and died: Miranda, Perdita, Ariel, Puck and others, circling in and out of the openings; I thought of the wonderful fecundity of that matchless intellect, the greatest that had ever been given to any of the children of men; of his sweet disposition, his character, as noble and high-minded as his own ideal Hamlet, or the real Henry V, and looked at that broad brow and those sealed lips, smiling and forever smiling upon us with an inscrutable mystery,—a face as unfathomable as that of the Egyptian Sphinx. The mystery still remains that so much intellectual work, and of such a high order, was accomplished in so short a life by a man of such lowly antecedents. With the multitude, how much of our short lease of time is occupied in providing food, clothing and shelter, how much wasted in day-dreaming, idleness and trifling. "So much to do; so little done." Life is short and art is long. With this "paragon of a world" art was deep, sure, swift, intuitive, creative, God-given. He used in his plays nearly thirty thousand different words of the then English language of eighty thousand, and largely molded our tongue into its present plastic form—made it the shrine of compositions the most artistic ever emanating from a merely human brain.

In the end England will lose her possessions in India; the Boer Republics in South Africa will all be free; Australia and New Zealand will be absolutely independent, and there will be a free United States of Canada. Then, while the dust of oblivion is increasing in layers on the tombs of Norman kings of England, and on the sepulchres of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Stuarts, the Hanovers and the Coburgs, and the sounds of their murderous strifes and ambitions are vanishing in the dim aisles and corridors of a far receding past, then, then the glory of this Son of Genius will rise higher and higher in the zenith and become the chief possession and honor of these Isles, and the name and fame and work of Shakespeare shall be a blessing to the whole human race.

Stratford, England, June 11, 1902.

MIDDLE ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

Ireland, July 6th.

Leaving London via St. Pancras Station, June 30th, by the Midland railway, the most interesting route between England and Scotland, I passed through Bedford, made famous by John Bunyan. As an itinerant tinker he made long journeys on foot through the villages of central England. Lying in jail for nonconformity to the Church of England, these journeys came back to him in vivid reminiscences by day dreams and night visions and doubtless suggested the "Pilgrim's Progress", as Bunyan was thus himself a pilgrim. Another great book, fruitful in its momentous results, "Marco Polo's Journeys to Japan and China," was written in the enforced seclusion of an honorable imprisonment at Genoa. With unerring instinctive appreciation of manly beauty and genius, though in an enemy to their state, the young ladies of Genoa—tenth century girls—found him out and cheered his solitude with bright flowers and brighter smiles.

To the west of Bedford is Shakespeare's country, whose name and memory haunts Warwickshire and central England, the flora and fauna of which fit exactly into his plays and poems, and add an indubitable proof of *his* authorship. He was a genius, and to soar in the realms of fancy was as easy for him as for the eagle to poise with even wing in the blue empyrean and look the sun in the eye. My recollection of Stratford, its memorable "Birthplace", the School House, the Hathaway Cottage, the ideal Church, the placid Avon, are most vivid and among the pleasantest memories of England. His name honors England more than Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart or Hanoverian kings, and will be a rich inheritance when India and other possessions of the Great Empire are gone. Canada, South Africa and Australia are even now almost as independent as the United States.

Sheffield and Leeds are smoky manufacturing cities. Further north and to the west of seaport Scarborough and York, the wild moors, with heather clad, told me I was in the land hallowed by the name of Charlotte Brontë, from whose intense heart and brain, spite of her narrow life,

sprang that masterpiece of literature, "Jane Eyre", rich in character delineation and insight into human nature.

At Carlisle the tourist bids farewell to pure English territory and associations. The scene changes: now comes the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood."

On the east, the land of Sir Walter Scott, on the west, of Robert Burns, whose plain name could not be more honored by any title. "Ivanhoe" by one and "Cotter's Saturday Night" by the other, are among the treasures of the world's literature. At Carlisle the Midland railroad forks, ending in Edinburgh and Glasgow, equidistant branches.

I became thoroughly conversant with the Castle, the splendid new North Bridge, Calton Hill, with its monument of Nelson and its fine view of Princess street, certainly one of the world's finest, sunniest thoroughfares; its Holyrood Castle, well preserved, redolent of memories of Queen Mary, into whose life was crowded royal honors, murders, imprisonments and ignominious death, making it one of the most dramatic of real tragedies. The scion of a long line of heroic kings of Scotland; the betrothed of the Dauphin of France; the wife of a dishonored and murdered husband—Lord Darnley; the object of the guilty love of David Rizzio, her Italian music teacher, condignly punished by death for his infamy; the idol of the Catholic party, anathematized by John Knox, who preached *at* her to her face in church; the envy of the jealous Queen of England; the mother-ancestor of the fatuitous English Stuart kings, whose James I., years after her execution, gave her a second, midnight and royal funeral; the inmate of palaces, prisons, and whose life ended by the headsman's axe upon the scaffold:—all these thoughts passed in review before me as I looked at the original cotemporaneous oil portrait of her piquant face hanging upon the wall of the Audience Chamber at Holyrood Palace.

I passed over the magnificent steel truss bridge across the Firth of Forth to Sterling, and entered the castle perched upon a crag overlooking the wonderfully beautiful Vale of Monteith. On the field of Bannockburn I recited from memory Burn's ringing lyric, the six verses beginning:



GIUDETTA VECCHIO, VENICE.

“Scots wha hae with Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,”

to my companion of the voyage, Wm. Forsyth, of Lynn, Mass., a descendant of the Scotts.

This lovely castle, with the heroic statue of Robert Bruce near the outer gate, pleased me as well as any I have seen. It is a palace, a castle and a home. In a lovely garden, into which was plunged from a window the lifeless body of Earl Douglas, assassinated by the Scotch King James IV, I saw growing innocent violets, pinks, roses and arbutus. Looking beyond the parapet I could see Abbey Craig, six hundred feet high, a lofty baronial tower, decorated with the memorial of William Wallace, that Wallace so basely murdered by the English in London Tower, after a long imprisonment.

From Stirling I passed to Aberfoyle and thence, with a coaching party of forty tourists, through the wild Highland Trosachs Gorge to Lake Katrine, over whose clear waters the proud steamer Sir Walter Scott carried us to Stonachlachar, where we again took coach, passing a Scottish piper lustily playing his bags and pipe on the roadside, piles of cut drying turf, and many a quaint Burns-like cottage, to beautiful Inversnaid. Again taking steamer—the Blue Bell—over Lóch Lomond, passing on our left Ben Lomond, whose high head was wreathed in mountain mists, inhabited by shaggy Rosa Bonheur cattle and black-nosed sheep, to Balloch, where a waiting train of cars carried us safely and rapidly to Glasgow, population three quarters of a million.

After viewing the lovely Cathedral and traversing the busy streets of this fine city, inhabited by masterful men, who have a way of succeeding in the most difficult enterprises, I sailed on the steamer Spaniel down the Clyde, lined on both sides with one hundred shipyards, busy in riveting the redhot iron bolts into monster plates of battle and merchant ships—through the twilight that lingered till ten o'clock—and so the next morning at eleven landing at the wonderful docks, seven miles long, of Liverpool. From Liverpool through Chester I sailed up the river Dee on a gala Saturday afternoon on the steamer Bend'or to Eccleston, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. Returning to

Chester, I visited the tower of Charles I, whence that wrong-headed king saw his army defeated on Rowton Moor. I also saw the ancient Cathedral, beloved of Chatterton, the Water Tower, with its ancient Roman ruins, and the Cross at Bridge and New Gate street, that night taking a steamer for Dublin across St. George's Channel.

DUBLIN, CENTRAL IRELAND AND THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY

Crossing St. George's Channel by night I arrived at 8 a. m. at Dublin, population a quarter of a million, at the wharf along the Liffey, with its harbor doubtless the cause of the selection of this spot as the site of a city. After having become snugly ensconced in a comfortable old-fashioned hotel, with ponderous oak rafters, dimension timber stretching twenty-five feet across the drawing-room, I consumed three hours in making manuscript, partook of luncheon, and sallied out to see the city.

I passed the Custom House, fronting south on the Liffey, a large building of stone columnar and in the Doric style; after that the far-famed Four Courts, also of classic architecture—dark, massive and weather-stained.

The streets are well laid out and well paved. The main street, O'Connell, is wide and fine, at right angles to the river, which has been made straight and walled up. Numerous statues adorn the wide thoroughfare named for O'Connell, the agitator—Nelson and Father Matthew being of the number. St. Patrick's Cathedral, originally founded by the saint, is over one thousand years old. The graves of Swift and Stella are there. It is south of the river.

Phoenix Park, eighteen hundred acres, is well kept, has a monument of stone to Wellington, shaped like a miniature Bunker Hill shaft, a splendid zoological department and the Vice Regal Lodge, the scene of the tragic murder of the viceroy by assassins from a jaunting car, the authors of which the British Government so condignly punished.

A labor agitator—it was Sunday—was speaking in the park, fine looking, eloquent, with the features of an English Jew. He held, increased and swayed his audience at will; went repeatedly over the entire ground of Irish grievances

—the land question, wages, one-sided criminal prosecutions, the insincerity of the *Freeman's Journal*, of Redmond and other Liberal leaders; cited Belgium as a model of prosperity resulting from public ownership of transportation lines; referred to the king as "a broken down old German gentleman, pulled and hauled about London from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's and over London bridges as a gilded image to draw custom for London hotels and London shopkeepers, in a coronation farce," and unsparingly denounced the Boer war as a land grab, the Irish soldiers as tools, to that extent it was necessary for the vigilant watchful police near by to safely convey away a returned Irish soldier, who, pale as death, with clenched fist, resented the imputation.

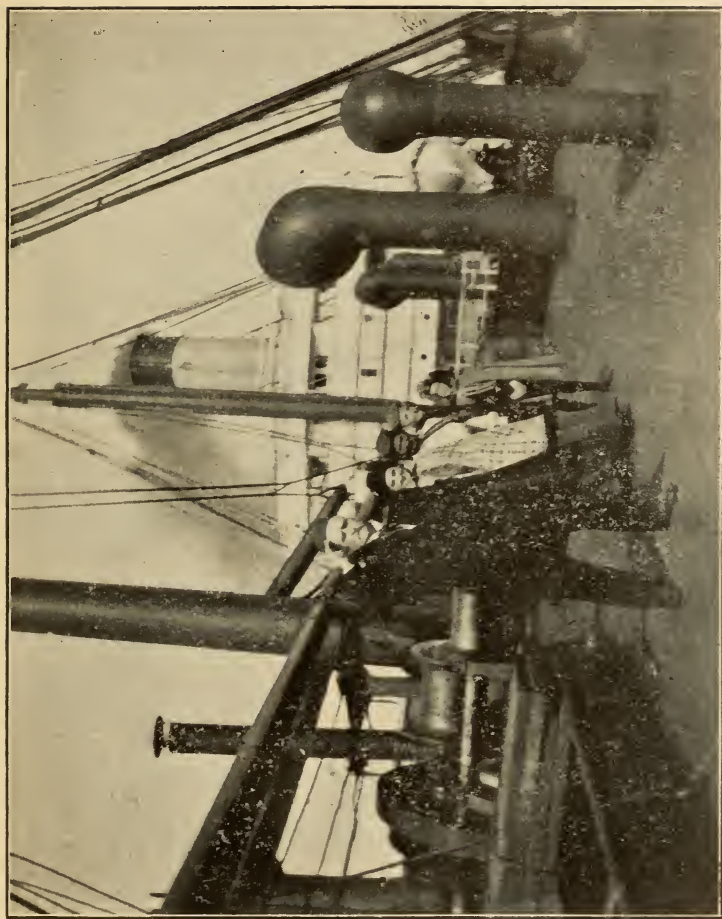
Leaving Dublin, Monday, July 7th, at 10 a. m., by the Great Southern and Western Railway, I entered a corridor car, partially modeled on the American system—a move in the right direction—and passed through the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Queen's, Tipperary, Limerick and Munster, reaching Mallow Junction at 1:20 p. m., where I took the train for Killarney, in the county of Kerry, whose western border is on the Atlantic ocean. I bestowed my belongings at McCowan's Central Hotel, removed the stains of travel, took a refreshing nap, a walk through the quiet town and, after a good dinner, had a night's sound sleep, preparing me for the tour around the lakes of Killarney. The transportation is by brake eight and one-half miles, between high stone walls, under acacia trees, to Dunloe Gap, to the cottage of Kate Kearney, kept by one of her descendants, where horses, called ponies, are kept to ride by bridle path six miles through the Gap, a wild, mountain defile, guarded by numerous Irish women who sell a strong combination of goats' milk and whisky carried in bottles under their shawls, and boys who explode a small cannon and demand pennies for the "echo", which no American gentleman, "your honor," can refuse. Down to Lord Brandon's Cottage is five miles, where a heavy toll is charged each tourist, and later is a long boat ride past Eagle's Nest to the ivy-clad ruins of ancient Ross Castle: thence by brake to Killarney Town. A beautiful incident was the music by a bugler seated in the prow of the boat, the airs being "The Lakes

of Killarney", "Fair Harvard", "Last Rose of Summer" and the "Echo Melody", very pathetic indeed.

IRELAND, ITS CONDITION AND PROSPECTS

July 9th.

The titanic upheavals of the primary stratifications of the crust of the earth, passing through Dunloe Gap in Kerry County, near the lakes of Killarney, reveal the nature of Ireland's geology. The numerous railroad cuts everywhere show a decided ice and drift period,—sand and smooth rounded bowlders, large and small. The mountains are lofty, from two to three thousand feet high in the southwest; low and rolling in the northwest. In counties Dublin, Queen's, Tipperary and Limerick, the land is gently undulating. The surface is part mountainous, has numerous lakes in every part, large and small, Lough Neagh and Killarney being the largest. The rivers Bann, the Liffey, the Shannon, Slaney, Nore, Suir and Lee drain the land. There are cone bearing and deciduous trees; forests of size on the mountain declivities, river valleys, and planted trees dividing estates. The fences are stone bowlders, earth and hedges. Large tracts of land owned by single proprietors are enclosed with high heavy stone mortared walls, notably the several thousand acres of land belonging to Lords Kenmare and Brandon in the southwest. Large areas are covered with fens and bogs, and many acres in the central counties are peat quarries,—uncultivable. The perennial moisture and bright skies give the grass that tint of emerald peculiar to the Holy Island. No American Indian corn is grown, very little wheat, no hops, small barley, some oats, some patches of potatoes and fields of meadow. The agricultural implements are the plow, the hoe, mattock and rake; very little of improved patent American implements did I see. The strawberry, gooseberry and currant are raised in quantities. Very few apples; the pear, peach and tamarind only on southern sunny walls. There are no grape vines, the land is too damp and cold. No mulberry trees. In Limerick an attempt was made to raise apples for cider. The mineral-manufactured cider, however, stopped that



PILGRIMS ON FORECASTLE OF THE DIVONIAN IN MIDOCEAN.

industry. Hardy sheep are being imported from Scotland, capable of staying out all winter. Horses and cattle are raised and seem to be the most valuable industry engaged in. The red fox has almost entirely disappeared, I am told, and tame deer can be seen in the parks. The very few good houses in the country are the somewhat pretentious abodes of landlords. The larger number are the low, one-story thatched cottages of the Irish peasant, who contents himself with a donkey, a sow and pigs, a cow if possible, if not, a goat, a dirt floor, a peat fire, and a small patch of potatoes. I saw walking along the wall in Kerry County a fine looking Irish native woman, bare head and feet, with a tattered skirt, not begging. On either side and for miles stretched stone walls, enclosing miles of forests and parks belonging to Lord Kenmare. Henry VIII confiscated many monasteries, Elizabeth gave the land to English Protestant noblemen, some of whom went to reside in Ireland and became Irish Catholics in after generations. Cromwell, in his short administration, besieged and took Queenstown. He conquered the country, but was repulsed at Lissmore, being called back to England by pressure at home. William of Orange defeated the Stuart party and the Irish Catholics in the field at the Battle of the Boyne. In 1798 pitched battles were fought by Irish nationalists and they were defeated. Since then agitation has gone on, notably by Daniel O'Connell, whom Justin McCarthy accused of inconsistency for indulging in lifelong passionate appeals to Irish patriotism for national independence, then, in the end, advising his followers to tamely submit. The population of the country at the highest was eight millions; now it is only four, and not increasing. The cities Sligo, Londonderry, Belfast, Dublin, Drogheda, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, Galway and Westport, are increasing in population at the expense of the country districts.

Mr. C. L. Galloway, a large cattle raiser of Lissmore, stated to me: If Ireland had absolute independence in all respects and were left alone to govern itself, it would fail for want of the spirit of compromise; that she is incapable of self-government; that the land law permitting tenants to become owners in forty-nine years was a failure on account of the high price demanded by owners for their land; that

the remedy, compulsory arbitration was needed; that the mixture of Spaniards with the Irish, which had taken place in Wexford and the west of Ireland at the time of the descent of the Spanish Armada, had not produced a race more capable of self-government: that both were too excitable and contentious. He further stated that annually there was expended more in spirituous liquors by the people than the entire amount paid in rentals; that this seemed to be the irremediable curse of Ireland; that the north part of the country was inhabited by a better and more sober race; that Belfast was more prosperous than Dublin and increasing faster in wealth and population. I merely repeat his statement as made.

In France, in England, in Australasia, in America, Irishmen have succeeded. It seems they do better in foreign lands. They thrive by transplantation. They surely have "bred in" too long at home.

This is the dark side of the picture.

I met many splendid men and women in Ireland, hopeful, noble, true; imbued with an intense devotion to the glorious legends and history of the holy land, its saints, martyrs and heroes. No country has grander. All the finest traits of human nature have been exemplified in their conduct—as. hospitality, virtue, industry, patience, bravery, martial ardor, devotion to the fine arts, poetry, music and painting. There is a widespread desire for a revival of the glories of old Erin and the Celtic race in a new Ireland untrammelled by England or any other foreign malign influence. May Ireland yet be redeemed and accomplish its true national destiny in the sisterhood of nations is the fervent wish of a true friend.

I disembarked from the fine propeller Divonian, Leyland line, eight days out from Liverpool, in Boston, July 21st, and then home to St. Louis, glad to be again in "my own dear native land", in six months having traveled in all—main and side journeys—twelve thousand miles and expended six thousand francs, receiving full value of every centime; returning a lover of the best in all nations and religions, with a mind broadened and liberalized by my travels.

JAMES M. LORING,

4219 W. Belle Place, St. Louis, Mo., July 26, 1902.

THE END.

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